# Pastime Stories for Boys and Girls

Maude M. Grant

79

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# PASTIME STORIES

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY

MAUDE M. GRANT

PRINCIPAL CENTRAL SCHOOL, MONROE, MICHIGAN

Illustrated by EULALIE

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# PREFACE

"Know you what it is to be a child? It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism. It is to believe in Love and Loveliness; to believe in Belief. It is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear. It is to turn pumpkins into coaches and mice into horses, Lowliness into Loftiness and Nothing into Everything, for each child has a fairy godmother in its own soul."

A child is influenced greatly by his first impressions. It is important, not only that he gain the right impression, but also that he gain impressions that will be of benefit to him in his character formation. Impressions in the home radiating love, unselfishness, generosity, obedience, self-control, and kindness are of incalculable benefit to the growing child, whose plastic mind is a house to be filled (to quote Ruskin) with the "sesame which opens doors, doors, not of robbers' caves, but of Kings' Treasuries."

Stories depicting good qualities are of value in character building. In reading stories, the children should be trained to look for certain properties, characteristics, and peculiarities which exercise and act as a stimulus to thought.

The questions at the close of each story in this book are intended to stimulate the child's thought and interest and to ascertain if he has read the story intelligently.

Most people are slovenly in their thinking, and teachers should endeavor so to stimulate and develop thought on the part of the child that through his own thinking the child can take the initiative and become a

personality capable of self-direction. Call the attention of the children to the beautiful, not only in Nature and Art, but in other things as well—the fine qualities of human nature, the utilities of life, and other pleasing creations.

"Eyes have they but they see not; ears have they but they hear not." It is our duty as teachers to open the eyes that see not and the ears that hear not, and by a word or suggestion train our children to see and appreciate for themselves.

"Learn something beautiful,
See something beautiful,
Do something beautiful
Each day of your life."

The following selections by the author are used with the kind permission of the F. A. Owen Publishing Company, Dansville, N. Y.: "Seeds"; "Greedy Nan and the Shadow Bees"; "The Lacework of the Trees"; "My Beans"; "The Army of the Wind."

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MAUDE M. GRANT.

Monroe, Michigan.

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## MY BOOKS

My books tell me stories,
The nicest there are,
About all kinds of things
Both at home and afar.

They tell me of countries
Oh, far, far away;
They tell me of giants
And castles so gray.

They tell me of children,
Good, bad and all.

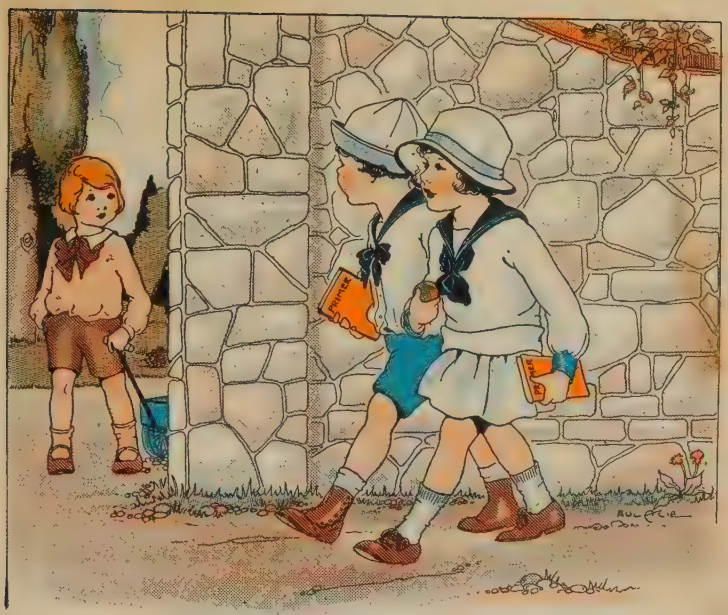
They tell me of Jack
And the Beanstalk so tall.

The Three Bears and Goldilocks—
Oh yes, and then,
The Three Little Pigs
And the Little Red Hen.

I love all my books;
I care for them well,
And I love the stories
That to me they tell.

QUESTIONS

Do you know about Jack and the Beanstalk?
Goldilocks and the Three Bears?
The Little Red Hen?
The Three Little Pigs?
Which one do you like the best? Why?



## THE THOROUGHBRED TWINS

### PROMPTNESS

Teddy and Theo Thoroughbred are twin brother and sister. When they started to school, Mother said:

"Now, children, you must be prompt. That means you must not only be on time but be quick and ready to do your work and to obey all rules. When one is not prompt to

see, to act and to do, it injures not only the person himself, but others as well. Remember this, and be prompt in all things."

So Teddy and Theo promised and ran on to school. Near the park they met Sammy Slow. He was playing with his cart.

"Why are you going so fast?" asked Sammy. "School does not begin for half an hour."

But Teddy and Theo hurried on. They did not want to be late.

"If we are late, it will make Mother and Miss Ray feel bad," said Theo.

"If we are late, other children might think they could be late, too; and if all the children were late, what kind of a school would we have? If we didn't start promptly, we'd never be prompt in anything we did all day. We can help by being prompt ourselves and setting an example," said Teddy.

QUESTIONS

What does promptness mean?
How can we influence by example?

## KINDNESS

It was a warm day in June. Teddy and Theo sat on the porch looking at the pictures in a new book. Down the street came the vegetable man. He had a big wagon filled with fresh vegetables. His horse was poor and old. A boy sat on the wagon seat and held the horse while the vegetable man went into the houses. They stopped in front of the Thoroughbred house.

"Is there a drinking fountain near here?" called the boy from the wagon.

"No," answered Teddy. "Do you want some water?"

"Oh, yes," said the boy, "I am so hot and thirsty; and old Bob, the horse, is thirsty, too. We have been a long time on the road."

"Come in, and I will give you some water," said Theo. "Teddy will hold your horse for you."

So the boy came in, and Theo gave him a glass of cold water and a seed cake. Then Teddy and the boy carried out a pailful of water for the old horse.

"You have been very kind," said the boy.

"Not at all," said Teddy.

"We were glad to do it for you," said Theo.

QUESTIONS

Name some vegetables.
What did Theo give the boy?
What did Teddy give the horse?
Have you been kind to anyone today?
What did you do?

## HELPFULNESS

Sally Snob lived next door to Theo and Teddy Thoroughbred. She was a selfish little girl, and she was not always kind. She liked to play with the little Thoroughbreds. They were never cross with her, and they willingly shared their playthings. She wanted to play all the time.

"We can't play all the time, Sally," said Theo. "We have to learn to do useful things. I cannot play with you this morning, because I have to make my bed and dust my room."

"But Ann or your mother would do it," said Sally.

"No," answered Theo, "it is my work, and I must do it."

"Then I'll play with Teddy," pouted Sally. But Teddy said, "I have my work, too, Sally. I have to sweep the porch and the front walk, and then I must do an errand for Mother."

Sally frowned. "I don't have to work," she said, and ran away home.

"But everybody has to work," said Teddy to Theo, and Theo answered: "Boys and girls can be useful as well as grown-ups."

QUESTIONS

What is selfishness?

Why did Sally Snob like to play with the Thoroughbred children?

Why couldn't the twins play all the time?

Every morning Teddy and Theo passed the little old lady's house on their way to school. The little old lady was a great friend of the twins. She had a garden, and she often gave flowers to Theo and Teddy. One day they saw her standing in her garden. She looked sad.

"Jack Frost came last night," she said to the children, "and just see what he did to my beautiful plants! I did not cover them, and he has nipped every one. Now I will have no pretty plants for my house in winter."

Teddy and Theo looked at the frozen plants and were very sorry for the little old lady. They went on their way to school.

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Teddy, "we can save our money, and we can buy our dear little old lady two beautiful plants for Thanksgiving Day."

And the day before Thanksgiving, Teddy

and Theo took two fine plants to the little old lady. They made her very happy.

"What good, thoughtful children you are!" she said.

QUESTIONS

What did the old lady give the twins?
Why was she sad one morning?
What did Theo and Teddy plan to do?
When did they give the plants to the old lady?
What did the old lady say?
What does thoughtfulness mean?

## GENEROSITY

Patty Penny and her brother Dick lived across the alley. The alley was back of the Thoroughbred house. The Pennys were very poor. Teddy and Theo felt sorry for them because they were ragged, dirty, and often hungry.

Sally Snob made fun of Patty and Dick. She would laugh at them and make faces.

"I don't suppose the Pennys will have any Christmas," said Sally. "They are too poor. Of course, they will feel bad, but I can't help it. I'm going to have a beautiful Christmas myself," she added.

But Teddy and Theo planned a Christmas surprise for Patty and her little brother. Mother found some warm clothes, and Theo and Teddy packed a basket full of books and toys.

"I will give Patty my doll," said Theo. "I will give Dick my sled," said Teddy.

Mother filled a basket with goodies, and on Christmas Day Teddy and Theo took the things across the alley to Patty and Dick.

Patty and Dick had never had such a beautiful Christmas, and the Thoroughbred twins were very happy.

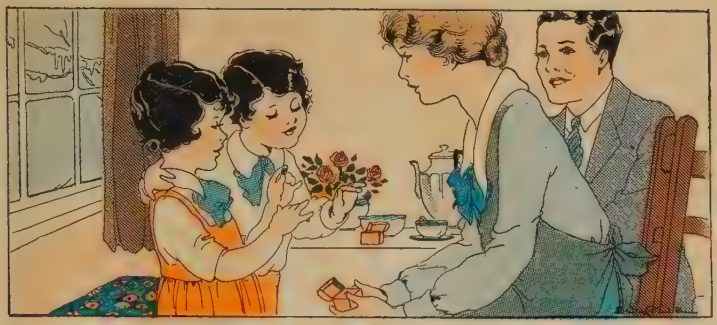
QUESTIONS

What kind of children were the Penny children?

What did Sally Snob do?

How did the twins give the Pennys a glad Christmas?

Why were the twins happy themselves?



## TRUTHFULNESS

The birthday of the Thoroughbred twins came in January. Father and Mother gave each of them a beautiful ring. Teddy's ring was a perfect fit, but Theo's was too large. Both children were very much pleased with their new rings and put them on at once.

"Mother will change yours for a smaller one, Theo," said Father, but Theo begged to wear it for a little while, and Mother said she might if she would be careful not to lose it. Then the twins went out to play.

Patty and Dick were in the alley. Theo showed Patty her new ring and let her try it on. Then Theo put the ring back on her

own finger, and they all began to play tag. Soon Sally Snob came along.

"My mother won't let me play with the Pennys," she said.

Just then Theo called, "Oh, I have lost my ring! What will Mother say? And I promised her I would be so careful!"

"Don't tell her you lost it. Tell her you let Patty try it on, and she kept it," said Sally.

"Oh, oh," cried Teddy and Theo, "that is not the truth! Why, Sally, what a wicked thing to say!"

Then Teddy and Theo ran right into the house and told Mother all about it. "Always, always be truthful," said Mother.

QUESTIONS

What did the twins get for their birthday?
Did the rings fit?
What game did the children play?
Can you play that game?
Where did they play?
What happened to Theo's ring?
What did Sally Snob say?
What did Theo and Teddy do?

## COURTESY

"Mother says we may have a Valentine party," said Teddy. "She says we may ask anyone we choose."

So the twins invited all their little friends, among them, Sally Snob and Patty and Dick Penny. All the children came to the party.

"What made you invite the Pennys?" asked Sally Snob. "I'm not going to play with them. They are poor, and they haven't any good clothes."

Then Sally went about among the boys and girls and made fun of Patty and Dick and whispered unkind things about them. Patty and Dick stood in a corner and their eyes filled with tears. Theo and Teddy saw them. They ran up to them. "Come and play in the circle," they called.

So Patty and Dick went into the circle and had a happy time, for the other children were as kind to them as Teddy and Theo.

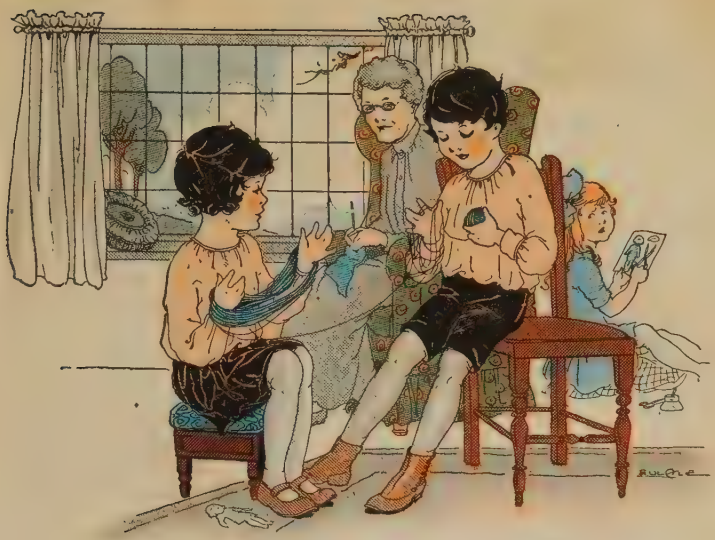
At supper they sat by the twins and had all kinds of good things to eat, and little red heart boxes filled with red heart candies to take home.

"I never had such a good time," said Patty.

But Sally Snob never said a word.

QUESTIONS

What kind of a party did the twins have?
Whom did they invite?
What did Sally Snob say?
Why did she not want to play with the Pennys?
How did Theo and Teddy treat Patty and Dick?



## PATIENCE

One day the Thoroughbred twins went over to play with Sally Snob. They were all busy cutting paper dolls when Sally's grandmother called Sally to hold some yarn for her to wind. Sally grumbled and said she did not want to, but Theo said, "Oh come, Sally, it is fun to wind yarn. I'll hold it, and you can wind, and we will help your grandmother."

So Theo held the yarn and Sally wound it.

After a while the yarn began to tangle, and Sally, in a temper, threw down the ball. "I can't untangle it," she said, "and I am not going to try." So she went back to her paper dolls. Teddy jumped up from the table and ran to Theo. "I'll untangle it," he said.

And after working at it a long time, he finally did get all the tangles out and wound the ball smoothly for Sally's grandmother.

"Thank you, dears, you have shown great patience," said Grandmother. "Sally gave up long ago."

"Mother says Thoroughbreds never give up," said Teddy.

QUESTIONS

Where did the twins go?
What were they doing?
What did Sally's grandmother want?
Who wound the yarn?
What happened?
What did Sally do?
What is a temper?
Who helped Theo untangle the yarn?
What did Sally's grandmother say?
What is patience?

## CLEANLINESS

"Patty Penny is such an untidy girl," said Sally Snob. "Her hair is never combed and her hands are always dirty."

"Yes," said Theo Thoroughbred, "that is true, Sally. Perhaps we can help her."

"Help her?" said Sally. "I will have nothing to do with her. She doesn't know enough to keep clean."

"That is the reason," said Theo. "Poor

Patty has no one to tell her. Perhaps I can help her in some way."

So Theo walked home from school with Patty. "I will have to hurry and wash my hands and face all clean before dinner," said she.

"Why, Theo," said Patty, "your hands are not dirty. Just look at mine!"

"Oh, but Patty," said Theo, "Mother says we must always keep our hands and faces and bodies very clean indeed. She says everyone can do that, even if she is very, very poor."

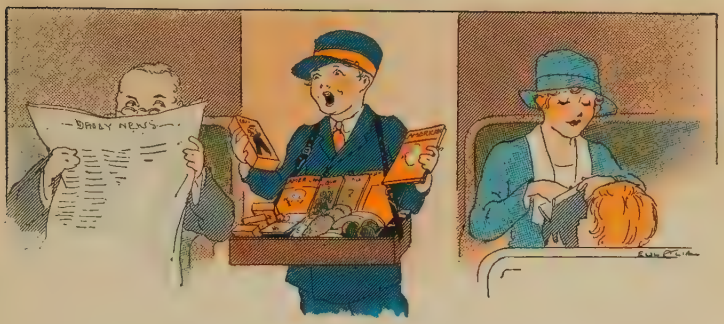
Patty looked ashamed. "I can keep my face and hands clean," she said, "and I will wash Dick, too."

"It will make you feel better, and you will be happier," said Theo. "It always makes one happier to be clean."

QUESTIONS

What does cleanliness mean?

Besides our persons, what other things must we keep clean? How does it help people and make them better to be clean?




## THE TRAIN BOY

Popcorn, peanuts, here today,
Buy them of me while you may.
Candy, apples, do buy some,
Crackerjack and spearmint gum.

Latest magazines today,
Help to pass the time away.
Fruit and chocolate, do try some,
Popcorn, peanuts, spearmint gum.

### QUESTIONS

Why do you think the train boy says "Buy them of me while you may?"

What is crackerjack?

Give the names of some magazines.

What are some of the fruits the trainboy sells?

## THE CORD GAME

It was a dreary November day. The wind blew the bare branches of the trees, and the cold rain splashed drearily down. The children could not go out to play. "What can we do, Mother?" they asked. "We have played until we are tired. Can you think of something for us to do?"

"Yes," said Mother, "run downstairs and ask Minnie to give each of you a big white plate from the kitchen. Then bring me the ball of green cord and a glass of water."

The children hurried to do her bidding. Amy ran to the kitchen for the plates, and George brought the cord and a glass of water. They watched with interest while their mother cut off a piece of cord about fourteen inches in length. She tied the ends in a small knot. Then she dipped the cord in the glass of water and wet it well.

"Now watch," said she, "I am going to make outline pictures on the plate."

She put the wet cord on a plate, and with a pencil deftly pushed it about.

"Oh, it's a pear," cried George delightedly.

"Yes, now look," and with a few touches of the pencil the outline of the pear changed.

"It's a shoe, now," said Amy.

Then Mother gave the plate and the cord to Amy and helped George with his plate and cord. It was great fun, and the children thought of a great many things to make—hearts, birds, circles, fish, squares, triangles, flowers, eyeglasses, and I don't know what all! You try it for yourself and see how many things you can make.

QUESTIONS

What words in this story tell us what kind of a day it was?

What things did Mother tell the children to get?

Where did the children get the plates?

What outline pictures did Mother make?

What outline pictures did the children make?

## MILKWEED BIRDIES

Fluffy and dainty, the white milkweed birdies
Spread out their soft wings and float far away,
Over the fields and the brown dusty roadside,
Over the hillsides, away and away.

Each little fluffy and dainty white birdie
Carries and plants a brown seed here and there;
And next year, when soft blow the winds of the Autumn,
More white milkweed birdies will float on the air.

### QUESTIONS

What are the milkweed seeds called in this poem?
Read the first stanza and tell where they fly.
What does each milkweed birdie carry?
What happens to the brown seeds?

## THE OLD SOLDIER

Jessie and Alice had come to visit Aunt Harriet, and Aunt Harriet did everything she could to make their visit a happy one. One day she told them that they were all going to take a ride on the Mississippi River. Both the little girls were delighted; for the Mississippi is the longest river in the world, and they had never even seen it. So they boarded a funny little steamboat at St. Paul and steamed slowly down the great river between steep banks and islands whose pretty willow trees drooped gracefully in the water.

After a while they landed on a floating dock near the Soldiers' Home. There was a little shop near the dock, and Aunt Harriet bought each of the little girls an ice cream cone. She said it would refresh them while they climbed up the steep rocky path that led to the grounds of the Soldiers' Home.

On the way, they passed several old soldiers, and they, one and all, had a pleasant word of greeting for Aunt Harriet and the two little girls. When they reached the beautiful grounds on the top of the high bluff, they sat on a bench to rest and watched an old soldier feed the squirrels. The squirrels were very tame. The old soldier sat

on a bench, and all the little squirrels came around him, and he gave them nuts. They stood up and held out their little paws, and some of the bolder ones even poked into the old man's pockets. Jessie and Alice were delighted with the pretty sight. Then the old

soldier clapped his hands, and away scurried all the squirrels. The old man then came up to the little girls.

"I have something for little girls as well as for little squirrels," said the old man pleasantly, and he put his hand in his pocket and drew out two of the prettiest little peach stone baskets the girls had ever seen. He gave one to Jessie and one to Alice. The girls were much pleased and thanked the old man for his pretty gifts.

When they went home, they slipped ribbons through the handles of the little baskets and wore them around their necks. They always kept the baskets as a remembrance of their pleasant trip on the great river and of the old soldier who had been so kind to them.

QUESTIONS

What fact does the story tell us about the Mississippi River?

What is a Soldiers' Home?

What were the old soldier's pets?

What did he give his pets?

What did he give the little girls?

## SEEDS

Sing a song of little seeds
In the bright fall weather,
Flowers, grass and dusty weeds,
Gone to seed together.

Sing a song of Autumn winds,
Blowing loud and clear;
Brown seeds fall from pod and stem,
And scatter far and near.

Sing a song of rains in spring,
Soft warm breezes blow;
All the seeds of Autumn then,
Grow and grow and grow.

### QUESTIONS

What day do these words make you think of—Chestnuts, cookies, apples, turkey, cakes, mince pie, pumpkin pie, celery, squash, turnips, potatoes, cranberries, oysters, oranges, nuts, bananas?

Can you write a little story about five of these things?

## THE SHADOW BEES

The Shadow Bees are queer little gnomes who live far, far away. They have gauzy wings like a bee, and they can fly, oh, very fast! They live in the meadow lands, up on the mountains, on the cliffs by the sea; and some of them even live in the crowded cities. They have a king—"Good King Shadow Bee" he is called.

The Shadow Bees are kindly little folk, and their mission in life is to discipline children who need it. These are the children who make others unhappy by their bad actions, unkindness, and selfishness. When the Shadow Bees find such children, they take them and in some way they show them their faults so that the children see just how they appear to others; and in most cases they are so ashamed that they never repeat their bad actions.

## GREEDY NAN AND THE SHADOW BEES

Nannie was a glutton,—
  Not a pretty word,—oh well!
But the actions of a glutton
  Are even worse to tell.

Perhaps there are some children
  Who know the meaning not?
Well,—a glutton is a person
  Who eats more than *quite* a lot!

Nan was fat and chubby,
  As folks should be who eat;
Her cheeks were like red apples,
  And she had fat hands and feet.

At table Nannie always
  Ate up her own large share;
And then she'd eat her brother's,
  And hang around his chair.

If ever anything was left,
'Twas eaten up by Nan,
And all her family said of her,
"We wonder how she can!"

The pies and cakes her mother made,
The cookies, pickles, too,
All vanished when fat Nan came round,
As sun drinks up the dew!

One day some guests her mother had;
She cooked a supper good,
And then she set the table,
And placed on it the food.

But ere the guests could sit them down,
In ran the greedy Nan;
She gathered all the dainties up,
And put them in a pan.

Then to the field she ran away,
And hid behind a gate;
She held the big pan in her lap,
And ate and ate and ate.

Her mother came and found her,
And sent her off to bed;
"I would not care if Shadow Bees
Came after you," she said.

And then as silent in her bed
Lay greedy, greedy Nan;
She heard a thin voice speak aloud,
"Get up now if you can!"

She looked around,—her room was full
Of many Shadow Bees;
She wondered much what she could do,
These small folk to appease.

"We'll have to take you, come with us;
Your greed we cannot stand;
There is no girl as greedy
As you in all the land."

They dragged her up, they dragged her down,
They dragged her far away
To great King Shadow Bee's abode,
His towering castle gray.

They put her in a tower room,
And filled it up with food;
"Stay here until you eat it all,"
They said in accents rude.

Now Nan was nothing loth to eat,
And straightway she began
To nibble doughnuts, cakes, and cheese
And bread bespread with jam.

Then all at once the sight of food
Made her so very ill,
"I never can eat all this food,
I never, never will!"

"Go on and eat," cried Shadow Bees,
"You must eat more and more;
You haven't made a passage yet
But half way to the door!"

So Nan was forced to eat and eat.
She grew so very stout
That when she reached the little door,
She hardly could get out!

"The time has come," cried Shadow Bees,
"To roll her out like dough;
We cannot leave her as she is;
She's much too fat, you know."

So off they hurried luckless Nan,
And down upon the plain,
They laid her like a heap of dough
To be rolled flat again.

They took a huge, huge rolling pin,
And rolled this way and that;
They rolled her up and rolled her down,
Till she was smooth and flat.

"We'll round her off about the size
She really ought to be."
The King said, "I'll attend to that;
Please leave it all to me!"

And so he rounded Nannie off,—
She jumped up with a scream,
And found that all this wretched tale
Was just a horrid dream.

"Oh Shadow Bees," she cried, "this dream
I'll always, always heed;
I'll stop my dreadful gluttony,
I will, I will indeed!"

And you'll be glad to know that Nan
Thereafter kept her vow;
She tried not to be selfish,
And she is not greedy now.

QUESTIONS

What are gnomes?
What kind of wings have they?
Where do they live?
What is their work?
What does discipline mean?
What is a glutton?
How did Nan look?
Why did she look so?
When her mother had company, what did Nan do?
How did her mother punish her?
Who came and took her away?
Where did they take her?
Where did they put her?
What is a tower?
What was in the tower room?

What did Nan have to do?

How did it make her feel?

How did the Shadow Bees say she could get out of the room?

What happened when Nan got to the door?

Where did the Shadow Bees take Nan?

What did they do to her?

What did King Shadow Bee do?

Was this all true?

What did Nan think about her dream?

What did she promise?

Did she keep her promise?

## THE OLD BOOK

I am a book,— and I used to be
As pretty a book as ever you'd see.
My covers were fresh and bright and new,
And my pages were clean and white all through.

But now I am old and ragged and soiled;
My pretty covers are limp and spoiled;
My pages are marked and torn,— a sight!
Where once the paper was clean and white.

My back is broken,—my spirit too;
I'm really ashamed to be seen by you!
"That torn old book?" I hear some one say,
"I wouldn't touch it! Throw it away!

Is it my fault, readers, large and small,
That I am forsaken, despised by all?
Yet once on a time I used to be
As pretty a book as ever you'd see!

## DO YOU KNOW

That ginger is a root?

That raisins are dried grapes?

That vanilla comes from a bean?

That Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence?

That John Paul Jones raised the first American flag at sea?

That Betsy Ross made the first flag?

That perfumes, vaseline and dyes are made from coal tar?

That orange trees have blossoms and fruit at the same time?

That diamonds are carbon like coal and sugar?

That the Pacific is the deepest ocean?

That Texas is the largest state?

That mahogany grows in Mexico?

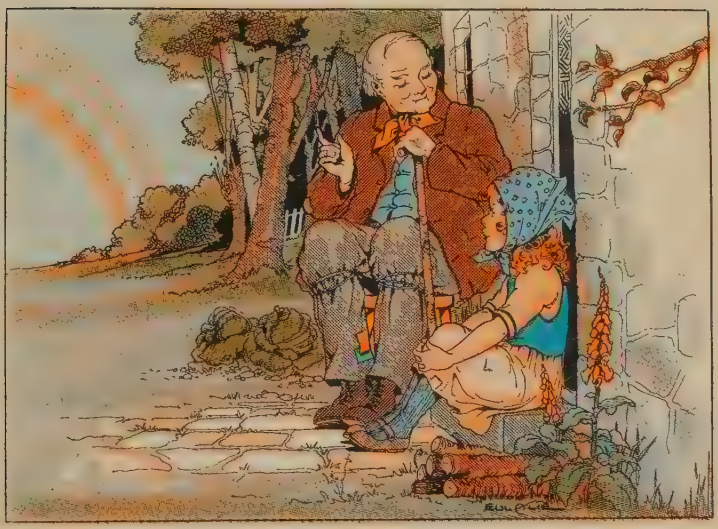
That rubber is the gum of a tree?

## THE FAIRY POT OF GOLD

Once upon a time at the edge of a village near a deep, dark forest lived a poor woodcutter and his little granddaughter Marcelle, a pretty child with eyes as blue as the sky and hair of flaxen hue. Little Marcelle dearly loved her old grandfather and did everything she could to help him. She set the table, washed the vegetables, and helped her grandfather in the garden.

She would often go with him into the forest and help bring home the bundles of wood he had cut. And three times a day she would take her little bucket and go to the old stone well in the village and bring back a bucketful of the clear cold water. The village children loved Marcelle; for she was kind and good and they often begged her to tell them the stories her grandfather told her. Of all the stories that her grandfather told, Marcelle loved best the tale of the "Fairy Pot of Gold."

This pot of gold, grandfather said, was to be found at the foot of the rainbow; and happy indeed would be the one to discover and claim it for his own. But as yet, no one had found it, for no one had ever really come to the foot of the rainbow.



Often after a summer shower, little Marcelle would sit in the doorway of the little cottage and look at the beautiful rainbow as it arched in the sky above the trees of the

dark forest. She was never able to see the end of the rainbow for the tall trees hid it from view.

"Some day," she would say, "I am going to travel away, away, until I come to the end of the rainbow. Then I will get the pot of gold and bring it home to you, dear grandfather, and we will be rich and happy!"

Then grandfather would smile and stroke little Marcelle's flaxen head and say, "Well, —who knows? Perhaps my little girl will be the one to find the end of the rainbow and the fairy pot of gold. But remember, my little Marcelle, you must be kind and good while you are seeking for it,—you must not think so much of the pot of gold that you have no time to think about helping others. For it is by doing good deeds and helping others that you will finally discover the Road to the End of the Rainbow."

Then one day the good old grandfather died, and little Marcelle was left all alone in the little cottage at the edge of the forest.

She was very lonely, for she sorely missed her kind old grandfather.

One day after a sudden shower, she was standing in her doorway, and looking up, she saw a beautiful rainbow in the sky. How lovely it was, with its colors melting and fading into one another! and how brightly it gleamed above the tree tops! "The rainbow! I will follow it until I come to the end of it, and I will find the fairy pot of gold," said little Marcelle to herself.

She went into the cottage, and taking her little blue cloak and putting some bread and cheese in her basket, she started out to find the end of the rainbow.

The colors in the sky were not quite so bright now, but Marcelle went bravely out into the forest in the direction of the rainbow. As she went on among the thick trees, now and then she lost sight of the beautiful colors. But she was not afraid, for she loved the forest; and she was sure she was going in the right direction. By and by when she

looked up, she could not see the rainbow at all, but still she went on.

She heard a fluttering and a distressed chirping near by under a bush, and looking to see what it was, she found a little yellow bird with its claw caught in the tough tendrils of a vine.

"Poor little bird," said Marcelle, "I will help you," and she gently pulled and broke the vine and set the little bird free. "Little bird, can you tell me the Road to the End of the Rainbow?" she asked, but the little bird shook its golden head and flew away through the woods and little Marcelle went on.

Farther on she heard a piteous crying and stopped near the trunk of a fallen tree. A little fox with soft yellow fur lay under a heavy branch. His leg was cut and bleeding. Marcelle stopped; and tearing a strip from her handkerchief, she bound up the wounded leg and helped the little fox to rise. "Little fox, can you tell me where I will find the Road to the End of the Rainbow?" she

asked. But the little fox only looked at her and shook his head as he limped away into the forest.

"I must hurry on or I will not reach the end of the rainbow," said Marcelle to her-

self. "It will soon be dark and then I cannot see," and indeed the shadows were gathering even now under the big trees.

Marcelle, by this time, had traveled a long way. Late in the evening she came to a little village on the other side of the

forest. Here she found a little child wandering about and crying bitterly. "What is the matter, little one?" asked Marcelle kindly, and the child answered, "I am hungry and I have lost my way."

Marcelle opened her basket and gave the child a bit of bread and cheese to eat. Then she took him by the hand and led him into the village. He was a pretty child with hair as yellow as gold.

In the village, she met the child's mother and the mother thanked her for being so kind to her little boy. "Come and stay with us," she said. "We have plenty of room for a little girl like you."

But Marcelle answered, "I am seeking the Road to the End of the Rainbow; perhaps you can tell me where to find it." But the woman shook her head. "I do not know that road," said she, and little Marcelle went on.

For many days she traveled, always looking for the Road to the End of the Rainbow. She always remembered what her grand-

father had told her—that she must be kind and helpful to any she might chance to meet on the way, and she tried not to think too much of the pot of gold that was waiting at the rainbow's end. She helped the poor and needy as she traveled on through the world.

Once she stopped near a great battle-field, and for many days she helped nurse the wounded soldiers; and after her work was over, she asked the soldiers if perchance they could tell her the Road to the End of the Rainbow.

"There is a wise man who lives in a little cottage near the edge of the forest," they told her, "and if anyone can tell you the way, he can," they said. So they pointed out the way to the wise man's house, and it was a long, long way over many weary miles.

Now Marcelle had been traveling over the world so long looking for the end of the rainbow, that she was no longer a little girl with flaxen braids, but an old, old woman

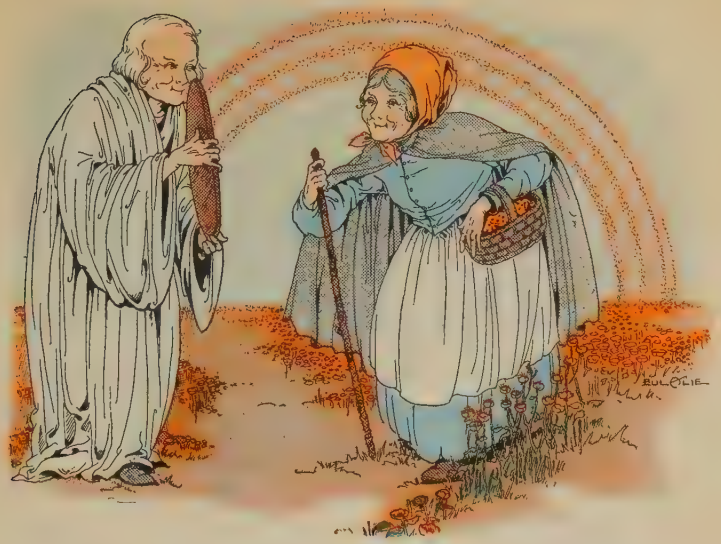
with snow white hair. She followed the way to the wise man's house, and when she came to it, what was her surprise and joy to find that it was her grandfather's old cottage! She knocked at the door and the wise man came out, and to Marcelle he seemed strangely like her grandfather. "What is it, my daughter?" asked the wise man gently, and Marcelle answered,

"I have come to ask you the Road to the End of the Rainbow. There is a pot of gold there. I have been seeking it for many years, and I am very tired. Can you tell me the way, good sir?"

And the wise man said, "Come into the cottage and rest. There is a storm coming up, and when it is over, there will be a rainbow. Then I will show you the road to the end of it, and you will find the pot of gold."

Poor tired Marcelle was glad indeed that her search was so nearly over.

She went into the cottage, and when the storm had ceased, the wise man led her to a



field full of buttercups heavy with raindrops. Over the field hung the end of a beautiful rainbow! Marcelle raised glad eyes.

"The pot of gold, O wise man, where is the pot of gold?" she whispered.

The wise man held a shining mirror before her. As she looked into it, she saw her heart reflected in the mirror. Her heart was shaped like a pot, and it was full of gold! Marcelle gazed at the wise man in wonder.

"You have the pot of gold in your heart,"

he said. "It is the reward of your life. See if you do not recognize some of the gold."

As Marcelle looked into the depths of her heart, she saw the gleam of gold upon the feathers of the little bird she had helped so long ago. She saw the sheen of gold on the fur of the little fox and the yellow curls of the little lost boy. And in more gold, heaped up and up, she saw all her kind thoughts and kind deeds shining in the heart that was like a pot of gold.

And so poor tired Marcelle lay down to rest in the field of yellow buttercups. Above her was the rainbow, the sign of promise, and in her heart was her reward, the pot of gold which would never tarnish.

QUESTIONS

What did Marcelle do to help her grandfather? What was the story her grandfather told her? What did Marcelle plan to do?

What did Marcelle see as she went through the forest? What are the tendrils of a vine? What question did she ask of the bird and the fox? Did they answer her?

Whom did Marcelle find wandering in the forest? What did she do? Did she stay with the child and his mother? Why not?

What did Marcelle do as she traveled along looking for the rainbow's end? What is a battlefield? What question did she ask the soldiers? What did she do for the wounded soldiers? Where did the soldiers tell her to go to find the answer to her question?

Was Marcelle still a little girl? How had she changed? In whose cottage did the wise man live? Whom did he look like?

Did the wise man show her the pot of gold? Where was it? What does this story mean?

THE WISE MEN AND THE STAR

O'er the dim and dusky desert,
Traveling fast and traveling far,
Came Three Wise Men on their camels,
Watching—following—a Star.

And the radiance of that Star's light
On their dim uncertain way
Made the desert track before them
Seem to them as bright as day.

Many, many days they traveled,
But it mattered not to them,
Till the Star of wond'rous beauty
Led them into Bethlehem.

There within a stable lowly
Found they Him for whom they sought,
And they knelt and gave the Christ-child
Precious gifts that they had brought.

Thus the Star of beauty led them
To the Christ-child's place of birth;
And the angels sang in chorus,
"Peace,—goodwill o'er all the earth!"

QUESTIONS

What is the desert?
Tell what you know about camels.
What does radiance mean?
Do you know what gifts the Wise Men brought the Christ-child?

## THE STORED SUNSHINE

A long, long time ago a great many trees lived up on a mountain side. Among them was a little tree. The little tree greatly admired the other trees that stood about him.

"I want to grow big and tall," he said. "I want to have a huge trunk and wide spreading branches."

"Then you must begin to store up the sunshine, little one," said a giant tree. "You have stored a little, it is true, but you must store a great deal more if you want to be like the rest of us."

And the sun said, "Yes,—I have so much heat and light to spare. Store all you can within you, for you may need it some day."

So the little tree began to store up the sunshine. Every sunny day he absorbed it, and every day he expanded and grew until one day he was no longer a little tree at all. He found he could look down over the tops of the other trees that he had once thought were so tall.

"I am the largest tree on the mountainside," he said. "I have stored up a great deal of sunshine. I have stored it in my great trunk, and my huge branches are full of it." He waved his branches to and fro, and all his glossy leaves rustled.

Then one day a terrible thing happened. The great mountains seemed to twist and turn. They heaved this way and that. Great chasms appeared, and the huge mountains with all their trees fell down in the depths of the earth. The trees found themselves in utter darkness. The mountains with their earth and rocks had fallen upon them and buried them.

And though the trees missed their friend

the Sun, who could not shine into their dark home, yet they were not unhappy because they had within them the stored up light and heat that the Sun had given them. "How glad we are that we listened to the Sun and stored away some of his light and heat," they said. But because they were covered and weighed down by the heavy earth and rocks, they could not use the light and heat they had from the Sun, and as the years went on, they became black and hard, as hard indeed as the rocks that covered them.

So hundreds of years passed. "Our stored sunshine does us no good," said they sadly, and they grew harder and harder until their very hearts hardened, and they forgot what it was to see the Sun, to hear the birds sing, and to wave free branches to and fro.

Then one day there came a pounding and a thumping in the earth and rocks above the trees which by this time had become so hard and blackened, and so flattened and twisted that no one would have suspected

they had ever been trees. Then came men, grimy men with pickaxes and lanterns. They came upon the hard remains of what had once been the great forest tree on the mountain. They broke off great pieces of it with their pickaxes and loaded it upon a little car. Up, up went the car from the darkness under the mountain. The broken bits of the one-time forest tree reflected little glints of light from the lamps as the car rose through the darkness.

Then suddenly out into the sunlight came the huge lumps of what had been the tree.

"The Sun, my old friend,—the same as ever," they cried, "how glad I am to see you once more!"

"Ho, ho," laughed the Sun. "Your old friend, am I? I do not remember you. You come from the dark places of the earth where I never go."

"But you do know me, dear Sun," persisted the hard black lumps, "you gave me some of your light and heat long, long ago

when I was a little tree upon the mountain side."

The Sun looked closely at the shining black lumps. "You have changed, little tree, if tree you really were," said he. "Come, prove it to me by giving me back my light and heat."

Just then along came some men who loaded the shining lumps upon a cart. "Come with us," called the lumps to the Sun. "We will give you back your light and heat and prove that we are really the little tree."

The men drove the cart and its load to a house, where it was put into a dark cellar. Later some of it was taken into a cheerful room and put into a fireplace.

"How bleak and cold it is!" they heard some one say. "But we will soon change all that." Then the black lumps felt a warmth stealing through them, and suddenly there was a glow that filled the room. A voice said,

"Coal is surely stored up sunshine. How

bright and how warm it makes the room!"

And the Sun peeping through the window said, "Yes, you are the little tree to whom I gave the heat and light so long ago. Your form has changed from a tree to coal, but you still carry the gifts of light and heat that I gave you, and as such a carrier, you will ever be a benefit to mankind."

But the coal said nothing, for in proving to the Sun that it was really the tree through giving back the heat and light, it had perished.

QUESTIONS

When and where did all these trees grow? Why did the little tree admire the great ones? What did it want to be?

What did the giant tree tell the little tree? What is a giant? Why was this tree called a giant?

What did the Sun do to the little tree? What gifts did it give the tree?

What happened one day? What are chasms? What became of the trees on the mountain?

How did the trees change? Were they long underground?

What happened one day? Did the men know the hard black lumps were once trees? What tools did these men work with? What do we call men that dig in mines? What is their work? Name some other mines besides coal mines. How did the tree look when he came up into the sunlight?

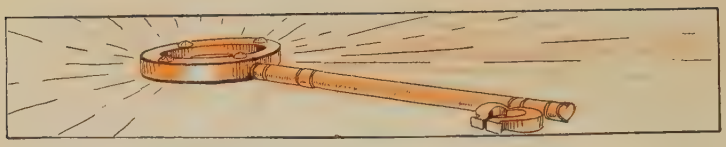
Did the Sun know him? How did the tree prove to the Sun that he was once the little tree on the mountain side? Did the Sun believe him then?

What happened to the black lumps that had once been the tree? Did you ever hear the word anthracite? The word bituminous? What is anthracite coal? What is bituminous coal?

## THE LACEWORK OF THE TREES

The bare brown branches of the trees
Swing in the winter's chilling breeze;
Against the blazing sunset sky,
They look like lacework there on high.

And all the birds' nests swinging there,
Against the sky so clear and fair,
Look like embroidery knots to me,
All in the lacework of the tree.



## THE MASTER KEY

There was once a great gray castle that stood on the side of a mountain overlooking a beautiful valley. At the foot of the mountain was the village with its winding streets and neat cottages.

The Prince who lived in the castle was a very great man. He owned houses, castles and lands and was very rich. But of all the beautiful places that he owned, he loved the great gray castle best, and here he made his home.

He loved the kindly villagers and went among them every day, and in the many rooms of his castle he had stored away things that he could give to the people of the village when they were in need. He had medicines for the sick, clothing for the poor, food for the hungry, money, and many other things

that would help the villagers to be happy, industrious, and contented.

Now there was only one key that would unlock the doors of the many treasure rooms in the great gray castle. This was called the "Master Key." It was a slender key of platinum with a blazing diamond in the end. The Prince of the castle always carried this key with him. He wore it on a slender golden chain around his neck.

The people of the village knew about the Master Key. They knew that it unlocked the doors of all the rooms in the castle, and they knew that the rooms held good things for them. They loved the shining Master Key, but more than that they loved the man who owned it because he was so kind to them.

When he came into the village, the people all ran to meet him and the children followed him down the street.

"Our Prince is like no other prince," said they. "He has the kindest heart in the world, and added to that he has the wonderful

Master Key, by means of which he shares with us his treasures."

So things went on for many years. The people of the village and the surrounding country were prosperous, happy, and contented.

One day a traveler came from over the mountain. He walked through the village streets. He saw the neat gardens, the comfortable homes and the happy, thrifty people.

"How is this?" he asked an old lady who sat knitting in a doorway. "In other places I have wandered, I have come upon poverty

and distress. In the villages through which I have traveled, I have found people cold and hungry with no comfortable homes. What makes your village so different from the others?"

"Oh," said the old lady, "that is easy to answer. It is because of our good kind Prince and his Master Key."

"What is the Master Key?" asked the man.

"It is the one key that unlocks all the doors of the treasure rooms in the big gray castle on the mountain," answered the old lady. "Our Prince is not like other princes. He shares his treasures with us, and that is why we are prosperous and happy. It is never too cold or too hot or too far for our Prince to go and unlock a treasure room with his Master Key, if one of us has need of anything."

"What," asked the man, "would happen if the Master Key were lost?"

"Oh, I do not know," cried the old lady,

"but I hope that time will never come. Our Prince will never lose it,—of that I am certain."

The years passed on. The Prince of the castle was now a very old man, and the time had come for him to die. He called his son to him and gave him the Master Key.

"Son," said he, "be good to my people. The Master Key will serve you well, and the treasure rooms will never be empty if you open them with the Key and share their treasures with others."

So the good old Prince died and his son

lived and ruled in the great gray castle. But the son was not like his father. He did not care to stay in the castle on the mountain. When the people came to him, he would refuse to see them. "Go away," he would say, "I have no time for you. I cannot work for you as my father did."

"But you have the Master Key," said they. "Your father gave it to you so that you could unlock the treasure rooms and help the poor and needy."

This greatly angered the young Prince. "I will not be bothered by these people," said he. So at night he took the Master Key, climbed the mountain, and threw it over the edge of a steep cliff. As it fell, he could see the diamond in its end sparkling like a shooting star. The Prince returned to the castle, packed up his belongings, and traveled far away.

Because there was no one to advise and help them, illness came to the people in the village and on the mountain side. They

could not work. They had no money for food and clothes, and they were in sore distress.

One day the traveler chanced that way again. "Is this the village I passed through some time ago?" he asked. "It seems to be the same place, for there is the mountain and the great gray castle. But the village,—it surely is not the same; for in that village the people were prosperous and happy, and in this place I see poverty and distress all about me."

"It is the same village," said a poor old lady sitting on a broken doorstep and shivering in the sun. "But our good kind Prince is dead, and his son has thrown away the Master Key and has gone—no one knows where."

"Sad, sad," murmured the stranger. "He could not have known the misery he was causing by his thoughtless and selfish actions," and the traveler passed on through the village and over the mountain. Every-

where he went, he told the story of the once prosperous and happy village and of the misery and distress that came when the Prince threw away the Master Key.

Now it chanced that in his wanderings he reached a castle where a Prince was being entertained. It was the same Prince who had thrown away the Master Key, but this the old traveler did not know. He was called upon for a tale, and he told the story of the village at the foot of the mountain and of the lost Master Key.

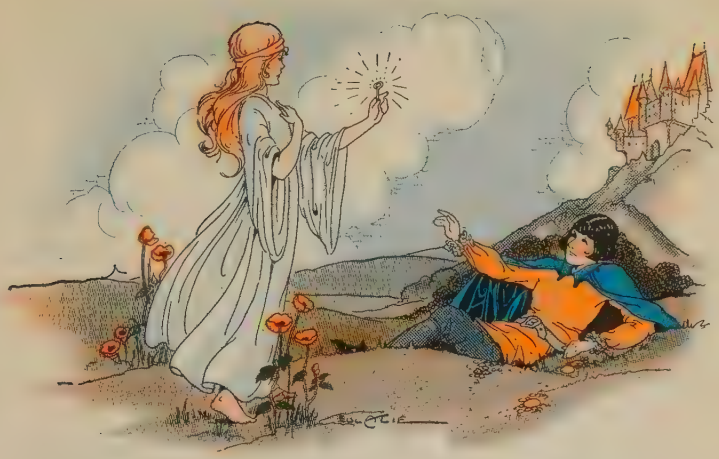
The Prince said nothing. He had grown to be hard, selfish, and cruel, but after the old man had finished his tale and had gone on his way, the Prince could not get the story out of his mind. He kept thinking of the wretched village people,—of his father and of the Master Key. At last he could stand it no longer. "I will go back and see if I can find the Master key," said he.

So he went back to the mountain and began his search for the wonderful Key. He

had little hope of finding it, for he had been gone a long time. He searched and searched, but he could not find it. He went into the village. He did not tell the people who he was, but he lived among them, and a great pity for them came into his hard heart. He did what he could to help them. Every day he would go and search for the Master Key, for he knew now how much it was needed to unlock the castle and the doors of the treasure rooms.

"The treasures are not mine," he began to say. "They belong to the people; I had no right to throw away the Key that my father intrusted to me, and I must find it again."

For a long time he searched. Then worn and weary, he lay down upon a moorland. He closed his eyes, then opened them in wonder. For, behold! across the moorland came a beautiful lady in rose and silver, and in her hand she carried the Master Key with its great jewel blazing in the end.



"Here, O Prince, is the Master Key," she said. "I bring it to you because now I know you will understand how to use it. The people have suffered because of your selfishness. You know this now; and you also know that the treasures the Key unlocks are not yours alone, but are to be shared by you with others. By sharing with others, you will never have less. It is the secret of a happy life." So saying the beautiful lady dropped the Master Key into the hand of the Prince and vanished in a mist of pink and purple.

The Prince rose, and with swift feet he ran

to the great gray castle on the mountain side. He opened the doors with the Master Key; and with a joy he had never known before, he worked and dispensed bounty to the people of the village and countryside. Through his care and kindly service, the tumble-down houses were rebuilt, the people became well and strong, work was plentiful, and the village was prosperous once more.

The old traveler came back again one day. "How is this?" he asked. "I find things in the village as they were long ago."

"Ah," said a happy old lady, "our Prince

had thrown away the Master Key, but now he has found it again," and she turned to go into her pretty cottage.

"Wait! wait!" cried the traveler. "Tell me what, pray, is the wonderful Master Key?"

"I will tell you, good man," answered the old lady; "it is the Key that opens the heart to love and sympathy and makes one want to share himself and all that he has with others. Love and Unselfishness make a true Master Key."

QUESTIONS

What is a castle? Where was this castle? What is a valley? What is a mountain? What is a village? A cottage?

What did the Prince keep in his castle? What was the Master Key like? What could it do? Where was it kept? Did the village people love the Prince? How do you know?

It says in the story that the people were prosperous. What does that mean? What did the traveler see? What had he seen in other villages? What did the old lady tell him about the Prince and the Master Key?

When the Prince of the castle died, what became of the Master Key?

What was the Prince's son like? Had he a kind heart? Why do you think that? What did he do with the Master Key? What happened to the village people when he went away?

Why did not the traveler know it for the same village he had passed through before? What did the old lady tell him?

How did the Prince of the castle hear the story of the distress in the village? What is poverty? What kind of a man had the Prince grown to be? Do you think he had any kind feeling in his hard heart? What makes you think so?

What did he do? Could he find the Master Key? What is a moorland? Who returned to him the Master Key? Why did she give it back to him?

What did the Prince do? How did the village change? What did the old lady say was the real Master Key? What is sympathy? Can any one possess a Master Key? In what way?

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

What do you think is over
  Beyond those mountains tall,
That look so blue and purple,
  Like a great big jagged wall?

Do the giants live beyond them?
  Or the dragons breathing fire?
Or is it there the witches
  Stew and brew their drinks so dire?

Is the garden of Aladdin
  Off beyond those mountains dim,
And the fairy crystal palace
  That the genie built for him?

Sometimes I think the Driver
  And the Horses of the Sun
Are off behind the mountains
  When their long day's work is done.

And then I think that maybe
There's an ocean, deep and wide,
With foamy waves that dash and beat
Against the cliff's rough side.

And out upon that ocean,
Sailing so straight and free,
Perhaps there is a treasure ship
All full of things for me!

Oh yes, when I am older,
And have grown very tall,
I'll journey forth and see what's hid
Behind the mountain wall!

QUESTIONS

What is a jagged wall?
What are giants, dragons and witches?
Have you ever heard the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp? Tell about it.
What is an ocean?
What kind of water in the ocean?
What is a treasure ship?

## THE NORTHLAND

The Northland
Is a white land.
It is covered with ice and snow
But sometimes
There are wonderful colors
In the sky;
And these colors—red, blue, green,
Orange, yellow and purple,
Are reflected in
The huge ice mountains
And stain the snowy ice fields
With their bright colors.
Then the white Northland
Gleams like a prism
When the beautiful sun
Shines through it.

### QUESTIONS

Where is this white Northland?
What do we call the people who live there?
What is another name for "ice mountain"?
What is a prism?
Name the colors in the prism.

## TWO LITTLE ESKIMO BOYS

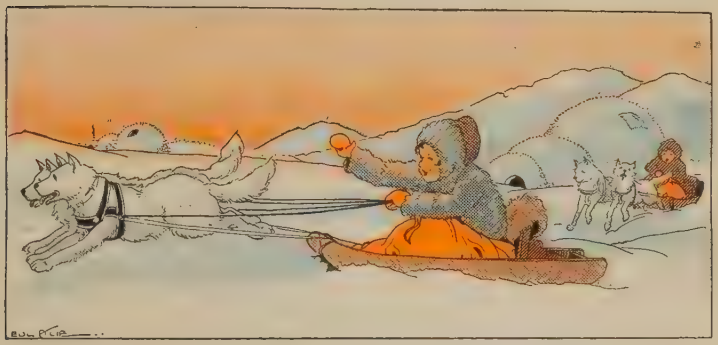
Alanak and Sagasak were two little Eskimo boys. They lived in the far North where the sun shines for only a part of the year. Their house (or igloo, as they called it) looked like three little mounds of snow, but it was really made of hard blocks of ice and snow. There was a great big mound. That was the real house. Then, there was a middle-sized mound that was like a hallway. And, last of all, there was a little mound that was like a vestibule or stormhouse. There was a hole cut in this for a doorway that was just large enough for Alanak's father to crawl through, for all Eskimos have to crawl into their houses on their hands and knees. The dogs stayed in these two passageways when it was very cold, and the two little boys had great sport tumbling around among them. Eskimo dogs are really never very gentle, yet they never seemed to hurt their little masters.

The inside of the house was quite warm and comfortable. The icy floor was covered with the thick warm skins of the seal and polar bear, and the beds were huge blocks of ice covered with warm skins. A large stone lamp filled with whale oil warmed the one room, and the flickering light made dusky shadows through the igloo.

Marak, the baby sister of the two little boys, was tucked snugly in a "parkah" or sleeping bag, made of soft warm skin with the fur on the inside. Both of the boys had a sleeping bag, but they did not stay in it all day, as did little Marak, for they could run about on their strong little legs and play games with each other in the dry snow.

One of the great sports of the Eskimo children is to climb up on a steep hillock of ice and snow, and with their fur clothes wrapped tightly about them, to roll down swiftly over and over until they reach the bottom of the hill. The one who lands at the foot first wins the game.

On the days when it was very cold, Alanak and Sagasak would play with bits of bone and pretend the pieces of bone were "kayaks" or boats like canoes. They pretended they were Eskimo men going out to catch whales, seals, or polar bears on the ice floes.



Each boy had a sled made of strong whalebone and each had two dogs of his very own, for their father was counted a rich man among the Eskimos because he had so many dogs.

When the beautiful colors from the Northern Lights were gleaming in the sky and coloring all the ice mountains and snow

fields, Alanak and Sagasak would harness their dogs to their little sleds, wrap up warmly in their furs and ride swiftly over the crackling fields of ice, their merry shouts and laughter echoing from the icy peaks. And when they returned, all frosty and glowing from their ride, their good mother would have two big bowls of hot soup swimming with fat awaiting them.

And so these little Eskimo boys lived on from day to day. After a few years when they were young men, they, too, went hunting and fishing with the Eskimo fathers.

QUESTIONS

What is an Eskimo house called?

What is a parkah?

What is a kayak?

Of what is the Eskimo house made? How is it made? What is inside the house?

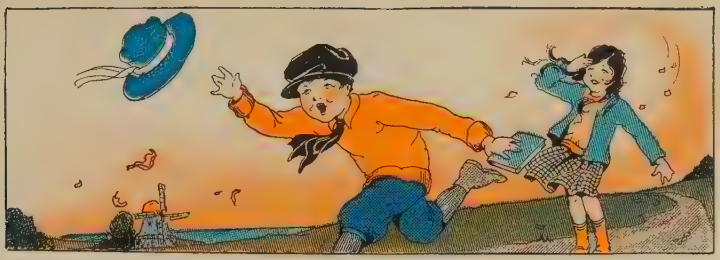
How is the house warmed?

Why do Eskimos not have stoves or fireplaces?

What do they burn? Where do they get it?

Tell how the Eskimo children play.

How do the Eskimos travel over the snowy ice fields?



## THE WIND

Oh, the wind is a merry rover,
Oh, a merry rover is he;
For he climbs up the highest mountains,
And rides on the waves of the sea.

He dances up high in the treetops,
He rides on the clouds in the rain;
He plays hide and seek in the garden
And he hides in the wide fields of grain.

But the wind has his work to do, children,
He sweeps all the dead leaves away;
He dries all the clothes on the clothesline
In his own careless, happy, free way.

He fills out the sails of the sailboats,
And pushes them swiftly along;
He makes all our fires burn more brightly
When he sings down the chimney his song.

He whirls the great arms of the windmills,
Pumping water and grinding the corn;
He brings us the cool gentle breezes
From nightfall until early morn.

And so though the wind is a rover,
All over the world, near and far;
He is helpful to all of its people,
No matter wherever they are.

QUESTIONS

What is a rover?
Read the first stanza.
Where does the wind go?
Read the second stanza.
In this stanza, what does it say the wind does?
Make a list of the things that the wind does.
Read the last stanza.
Is the wind helpful? In what ways?

## WHAT TED DID

Ted's father was the lighthouse keeper. The lighthouse stood at the end of a rocky cliff stretching out into the deep waters of the lake. Many ore boats and big freighters passed the lighthouse every day during the navigation season. The lighthouse was one of the most important on the Great Lakes. Every night it sent out its powerful light over the dark waters, guiding the sailors in their course and warning them of the treacherous rocks.

Ted loved the big lighthouse. He liked to climb up the winding stairs of the tower when his father went up to clean and inspect the light. He liked to stand on the little railed platform outside the light and look far over the blue waters of the big lake. He liked to be up in the lighthouse tower when the wind blew, for it made such a queer sound.

When the evenings were warm and pleasant, he and his father would sit outside on the wide stone ledge surrounding the lighthouse and watch the big boats move swiftly by. When it was cold and stormy and the wind blew a gale, Ted and his father would sit in their cozy living room by the cheery grate fire and read stories and make pictures until it was time for Ted to go to bed.

One day Ted's father had to go to the town on important business.

"I'll be back in time to light up," he said. "But in case anything should happen, and I am delayed, you know how to turn on the gas

and light up. The light must be on at half-past seven at the latest, and if there should be a storm and it is dark, it must be lighted sooner. Do you understand, my son? This is a dangerous spot, and the sailors all look for our light."

"Yes, father," answered Ted, "I'll 'tend to the light. You've let me help you so many times that I can do it as well as you."

"I don't think there will be a storm, and I am quite sure to get back in time," said his father.

Ted stood on the doorstep of the lighthouse and waved goodby to his father as he picked his way over the rough rocks and stones on his way to the mainland.

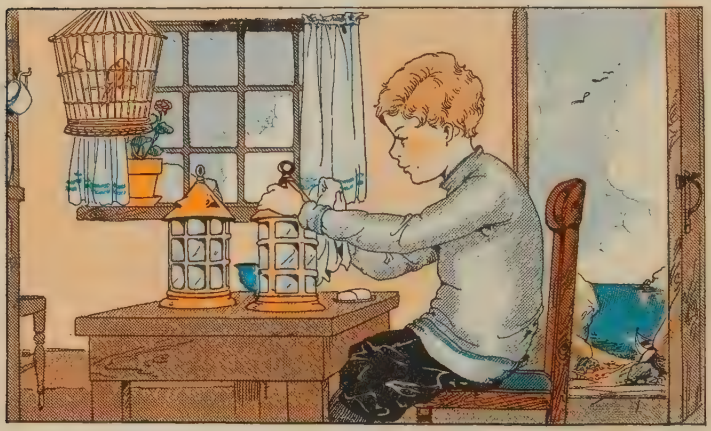
"Now I am a real lighthouse keeper," he said to himself.

He was not lonesome, for there were many things for him to do. He fed his rabbit and gave his canary fresh water and seed. Then he took his fishing rod and went out and sat on the stone wall and caught two fine fish.

"I'll fry one for my dinner," said he, "and save the other for father."

After dinner, as he was putting away his dishes, he spied two old lanterns on the top shelf of the pantry.

"I know what I will do," said he, "I'll take down those lanterns and clean them. What funny old things they are!"



So he took down the lanterns and was soon busy cleaning them. He rubbed and polished them until the glass and metal shone.

"I believe I'll put some oil in them," he

said; "then if we ever have to use them, we won't have to stop and put in oil." So he carefully filled the lanterns and set them back on the shelf.

"It must be nearly time for father to come," he said to himself.

He looked out of the window. "Oh, there is going to be a storm! What black clouds, and how the wind is beginning to blow!" he said.

Ted ran and shut the lighthouse door just as the storm burst over the headland. The waves of the lake rose like little hills covered with foam. The wind howled and tore about the lighthouse, and the rain poured down. It grew very dark. Ted looked anxiously out at the lake.

"I must light up," said he, "for it is as dark as night, and the ore boats and freighters will be passing."

So Ted went up into the lighthouse tower. It was lonely climbing the narrow stairs, and Ted's flash light made dancing shadows on

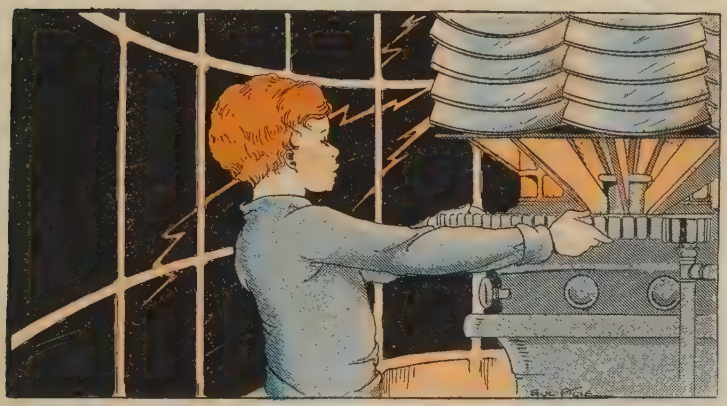
the rough walls. Finally he came to the light. He turned on the gas and struck a match. The big light would not burn. "Perhaps I didn't turn on enough gas," thought Ted, and he ran downstairs and pushed the wheel that turned on the gas. Then he hurried back to the light in the tower. Another match, still no light, another and another with no result.

"Oh, something has gone wrong with the gas," he cried. "What shall I do? There must be a light or the boats will go on the rocks!"

Suddenly he thought of the two lanterns he had cleaned and filled. "I'll get them," said he. Down the steep stairs he ran again and out into the pantry where the lanterns stood, clean and bright, on the shelf. Taking a lantern in each hand, he quickly mounted the tower stairs, and stood beside the huge lamp and its shining reflector.

"I'll put the lanterns as near to the reflector as I can," said Ted. But then another

difficulty presented itself. The light was a revolving one and it was evident that something had gone wrong with the machinery for the big disk stood motionless when Ted pushed the lever.



"There is only one thing for me to do," thought the boy. "I'll have to stand here and turn the disk until Father gets back and fixes the machinery."

So Ted lighted the lanterns and placed them as nearly as he could in front of the big reflector. He was pleased to see the clear

bright light that shone out. Then he began to turn the disk on which the big light was set. It was hard at first, but gradually it grew easier, and Ted watched the light flash out on the dark rough water of the lake.

The rain poured down in torrents and the wind howled around the high tower. Round and round went the big disk carrying the two lighted lanterns.

A flash — darkness — a flash — darkness again, and dimly far out on the rough waves Ted saw the lights of an ore boat.

"I'm glad I had the lanterns ready," he thought as he patiently turned the disk.

Ted took his stand beside the big reflector. He became very tired, but he dared not leave the lanterns. He must not let them go out even for a moment. It was very dark now, and he knew the light must be kept burning.

Bravely the boy stood there through the long night, and when the first gray streaks of dawn appeared in the sky, he heard his father coming up the tower stairs. "What

has happened to the light?" asked his father. "It flashed yellow instead of white!"

Then Ted told him how the big gas lamp refused to burn and how he had put the lanterns in front of the reflector and had kept turning the disk all night.

"Why, Ted," said his father, "you are a hero!"

"A hero?" said Ted. "Oh, no, Father,—a hero is a brave man who does some great and noble deed. I am only a little boy, and it wasn't a noble deed to keep two lanterns burning all night!"

"What you did saved the boats from going on the rocks," said the lighthouse keeper, "and if they had struck the rocks, no doubt many of the sailors would have perished in the darkness. Yes, Ted, you are a real hero."

Ted shook his curly head. But other people must have thought he was a hero too, for one day he received a medal and a letter commending his brave deed from the captains of three boats that had passed the lighthouse

during the long night he had kept turning the lanterns in the tower.

QUESTIONS

What is a lighthouse? Where was the lighthouse in this story? What did Ted like to do? What did Ted and his father do when it was cold and stormy? Why did all the sailors look for this light? What is an ore boat? What is a freighter?

Was Ted lonely when his father went away? What did he do? What did he do with the dingy lanterns on the shelf?

Describe the storm. How did the lake look? What happened to the light? What did Ted do? What is a reflector? How long did Ted turn the lanterns in the lighthouse tower?

What did his father call him? What is a hero? Can you name any heroes? What brave deeds did they do? Do you think Ted was a hero? Why?

## THE ARMY OF THE WIND

I heard an army marching by,—
The wind was the captain tall,—
And all night long the army marched
Over the garden wall.

March,—march—march—the army passed;
'Twas a very queer array,
For the rank and file were the dead brown leaves
That fluttered away—away.

There were bits of paper and straw and string,
And twigs from the branches high.
What did it mean? The month was March,
And the March wind hurried them by!

### QUESTIONS

Read the first stanza. Where did the army march? Who was the captain? Read the second stanza. What is the rank and file of an army? What was the rank and file of this army? What month was it? What was the captain's name?

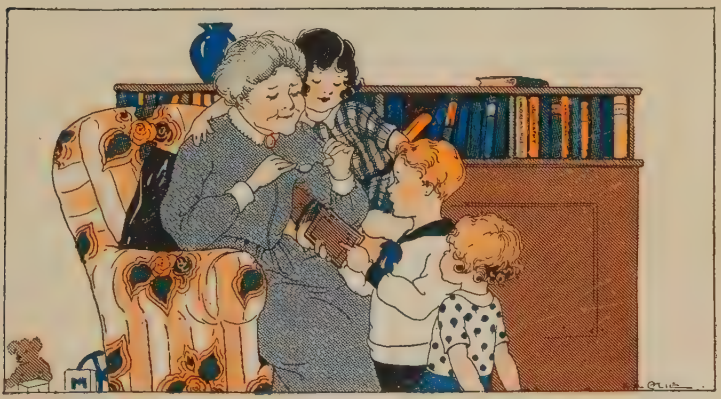
## THE LITTLE BROWN BOOK

A little brown book lay up on the topmost shelf of the bookcase. On the shelves beneath it and on the shelf beside it were many other books. These books had beautiful covers,—red,—green,—blue,—gray,—all ornamented with fine letters. Some had gilt on them and some had scrolls and pictures. The little brown book admired them greatly. "I am so plain and brown," thought the little book, "no one would ever look at me,—but these others,—people will read them again and again because they are so bright and beautiful."

But much to the surprise of the little brown book, he found that the boys and girls of the house always chose him for their companion. They would come to the bookcase, pass over the other books and take him down. Then over to the window seat or down into the depths of the big leather chair they

would go, and opening up the dingy brown covers, they would read and read in the little book. One day the children's grandmother visited them.

"Come and see our books, Grandmother," they cried; and they led her to the bookcase. "See," said they, "this is the one we love best of all."



"What! that dingy little brown book?" said Grandmother. "Why do you love that one best of all?"

"Oh," said the children, "it is full of nice stories. It is just *lovely inside!*"

"That is the best of all," said their grand-

mother. "The gay covers or the dingy covers of the books do not make them any more than our clothes and appearance make us. This reminds me of a little girl I used to know long, long ago. She was just a thin, plain little girl. Her hair wouldn't curl, and she had a turned-up nose; but all the children loved her because she was so kind, so unselfish, and so *lovely inside*. It is the loveliness inside that counts, and everybody can cultivate that. It is what we are *inside* that is really ourselves," said Grandmother.

"Just like our dear little brown book," murmured the children.

QUESTIONS

Where was the little brown book? How did the other books look?

Why did the little brown book think people would like the other books better than they would like him?

What did the boys and girls do? Why was the little brown book surprised?

Who came to visit the children? What did they show her? What was the reason they liked the brown book best?

## SUNRISE ON THE SEA

A silver streak in the eastern sky
Which meets the rolling sea,
Where the billows roar in shadowy heaps,
And the yeasty wave foam whirls and leaps,
While the morning star its vigil keeps,—
Thus the dawn comes mistily.

Faint tints of amber and amethyst light
Diffuse the eastern skies,
Then a flash of brightening splendor grows,
And the blush of the sky is a deeper rose,
While the opal ocean ebbs and flows
And reflects the red sunrise.

### QUESTIONS

What are billows? Why is the wave foam called "yeasty"?

What does vigil mean? What color is amber? What color is amethyst?

What is amber? What is amethyst?

What does diffuse mean? What is an opal? Why is the ocean called the "opal ocean"?

## THE FROST CHILDREN'S PICNIC

It was a cold day, even for the North Pole, and everyone knows what a cold place that is! Jack Frost and his boys were out in front of their snow house blowing snow crystals up in the air.

"Well, boys," said Jack Frost, "this is a fine day. What do you say to a picnic over on the Ice Range?"

"Good, good," cried the Frost boys.

"Well, go and ask your mother to put up a lunch," said Jack, "and we'll go over to the Ice Range and spend the day."

Away ran the boys into the snow house. "Mother, mother," they cried, "we are going to have a picnic today. Can you put up a lunch for us?"

"To be sure I can," laughed Dame Frost, their mother. "I have everything good for a lunch today. See these nice little cakes of ice I have just frosted," and she held out

a plate full of appetizing little round cakes.

"Get the basket of snowball eggs, and I will freeze some hard for you," she said. "Hard snowball eggs are fine things to take on a picnic."

So Jack Junior got the snowball eggs and his mother showed him how to freeze them hard. Jim brought a bag of hailstone nuts from the shelf in the pantry, while Dame Frost cut large slices of light white snow drift bread and several pieces of snowdrop pie.

"Oh, Mother," said Jack Junior when the basket was packed nearly full of good things, "may we have some of your snowflake buns?"

"Yes, indeed," said Dame Frost; "you boys like them best of all," and she ran into the storeroom and brought out half a dozen snowflake buns all thickly powdered with nice, white sugar snow.

"We can not get another thing in the

basket," said Jim. "Let us go, for Father has come and is waiting outside for us."

They kissed their mother goodby, picked up the big basket, and went out.

"Here, boys," said Jack Frost, "we'll put the basket on the sled, and I will pull it, for I can't have you spilling all the good lunch Mother has put up for us. You may carry this bag and help yourselves to what is inside if you like," he added with a twinkle. He

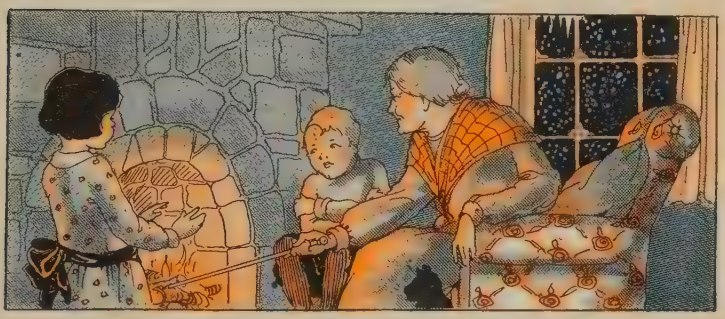
handed the bag to Jim, and both boys peeped inside. "Icicle candy!" they squealed with delight, and each boy took out a glistening stick.

Over the crackling ice fields they sped, slipping and sliding on the gleaming ice crust; and at last they came to the Ice Range where they were to have their picnic. They set the basket under a huge ice cliff and went off to gather snow crystals that clustered on the mountainside like snow flowers.

After a while they grew hungry, and their father called them to lunch. He had spread out all the good things on a beautiful snowy tablecloth that the thoughtful mother had put in the basket. Oh, how hungry the boys were and how the good things vanished! At last they were through, and Jack Frost said, "We have nothing left but the crumbs and the crusts and the eggshells, so you may as well throw them away. Be sure to shake the tablecloth well."

Then Jack Frost's boys took hold of the snowy tablecloth, and oh, how the frozen crumbs and crusts and eggshells did fly!

And far below, the earth people huddled around their warm fires and shivered and said, "Oh, how stormy it is! The air is full



of snow and ice. We know this is the worst blizzard of the season!"

But what they did not know was that what was falling was only the crumbs left over from the picnic of Jack Frost and his children!

QUESTIONS

Where do Jack Frost and his boys live? Where did Jack Frost and his boys have their picnic? What did their mother give them for lunch?

How did they take the big basket? Who pulled the sled? Why?

What did the boys carry? What was in it?

What did they gather on the ice mountain? After lunch what did Jack Frost and the boys do with the crumbs and crusts and eggshells?

What did the earth people do? What did they say? What was the name they called the great snow and ice storm?

## OUR FLAG

Do you see your country's flag,
Soldier boy, soldier boy?
Do you see your country's flag,
soldier true?
It is waving in the air
With its stars and stripes so fair;
It is calling, soldier boy,
It is calling you!

(They are marching to the beating of the
drum's deep boom,
They are marching to the music of the fife,
And the flag that floats so true,
With its red and white and blue,
They'll defend it every soldier with his life.)

Do you hear the bugle blow,
Soldier boy, soldier boy?
Do you hear the bugle blow,
soldier true?
It is calling you to come;
Don't you hear the rolling drum?
It is calling, soldier boy;
It is calling you!

(They are marching to the beating of the
drum's deep boom;
They are marching to the music of the fife,
And the flag that floats so true,
With its red and white and blue,
They'll defend it, every soldier with his life.)

## THE PILGRIMS

December—1620

The sea was cold and dark and rough;
The air was filled with snow,
When Pilgrims on the Mayflower came
Three hundred years ago.

A hard and bitter time they had;
But they were brave, and so
They built a log house, church, and school
Three hundred years ago.

They founded then our country great;
Foresight they had, we know;
They built the great foundation well,
Three hundred years ago.

All thanks and honor be to them;
Our grateful hearts we'll show
To the Pilgrims brave who wrought for us,
Three hundred years ago.

QUESTIONS

Who were the Pilgrims? Why did they come over the sea? How did the sea look? What time of the year was it? What was the Mayflower? What did the Pilgrims build? What kind of people were they? Why do we honor them? What did they do for us?

## PATTY'S PIE

### A Story of Pilgrim Days

Mistress Weaver was making pies,—apple pies and great, golden, pumpkin pies. She was roasting meat, too, and baking beans to a crisp brown in the big brick oven over the fireplace. On the pantry shelf were piles of spicy cookies waiting to be put into the big stone crock.

"Why are you baking so many pies and cooking so many other things, Mother?" asked little Patty. Patty's real name was Patience but she was such a little girl that everybody always called her Patty.

"Don't you remember, Patty? Tomorrow Father is going to raise the framework of the new barn, and nearly all his friends in the town are coming to help him. They will stay all day, and we will have them here for dinner and supper; so Mother has to bake

and cook a great many things, for the men will be hungry after their hard work."

"Let me help you, Mother," said Patty. "Can't I make a pie, too? Please let me!"

"Well," said her mother, "first you may

put all the cookies into the big crock, and then we will see about making a pie."

So Patty went into the pantry. She had to stand on a little stool to reach up to the shelf and put the cookies in the crock. How pretty she looked as she stood there in her little gray gown down to her ankles, her

white kerchief and apron, and little white cap. Two little yellow curls peeped out from under her cap, but she pushed them back again, for curls were "vain things" so the Pilgrim fathers said, and "vain things" were not for little Pilgrim girls.

Patty worked away industriously. After a while, "They're all in the crock, Mother," she said. "Now, may I make my pie? I'd like to make an apple pie."

So Mistress Weaver gave Patty a wooden bowl, a little sharp knife, and a pan of rosy apples. Patty sat on her stool by the small window and began to pare and cut her apples. Her mother gave her a lump of

pie paste and showed her how to roll it smooth. Then Patty lined a pie tin neatly with the rolled out paste. She put in the apples and sprinkled them with sugar, cinnamon, and bits of butter. Then she put on the upper crust and dented it all around with the prongs of a steel fork. With her sharp little knife she cut two pretty fern leaves on the top just as Mother did on her pies.

"How nice it looks! I hope it won't burn," said Patty anxiously, as she put it into the brick oven.

"We will have it for dinner today," said her mother, "then I can save all mine for the men tomorrow."

Patty watched her pie carefully. It seemed to take a long time to bake, but after a while it was done. How good it smelt,—so sweet and spicy! Patty lifted it very carefully and placed it on the shelf by the milk house to cool. It was very, very hot, and steam puffed out of the places where Patty had pricked it with the fork.

"Baby is crying! Come and rock his cradle, Patty," called her mother.

So Patty left her pie to cool and went to rock the baby in his little wooden cradle. Soon the baby fell asleep, and Mistress Weaver sent Patty down to Dame White's to borrow an iron kettle. As Patty ran down the rough road full of ruts from the ox carts, she passed Kiwana, the Indian boy.

Kiwana belonged to a tribe of friendly Indians who lived outside the settlement and who roamed around in the forest hunting and fishing. The Pilgrim children called Kiwana "Red Feather," because he always wore a scarlet feather in his black hair.

"I suppose Red Feather has brought fish to Elder Canfield," thought Patty. "He can catch the biggest trout in the forest streams."

Dame White lived quite at the other end of the settlement, and Patty was glad to sit down and rest after she had made known her errand. Dame White gave her two crisp doughnuts and a glass of creamy milk while

she went to get the iron kettle. How good the doughnuts and the milk tasted, for Patty had gotten up early that morning, and it had been a long time since breakfast.

After she had rested and thanked Dame White, Patty took the kettle and started for home. When she arrived, she set down the kettle by the fireplace and ran out to look at her pie.

"Mother, Mother," she cried, "where is my pie? Did you take it in?"

"I have not seen your pie, child," said Mistress Weaver. "I have been busy spinning," and she held up a great hank of gray yarn.

"But where is my pie?" asked Patty, tears welling up in her blue eyes. "I've looked all over for it, and it isn't anywhere."

Mistress Weaver laid down the gray yarn and went out with Patty. "It is certainly strange," she said, "but never mind, daughter, you may make another pie when Mother bakes again."

Patty's lip quivered. "But it was such a nice pie and the very first one I ever made. I did want Father to have it for dinner."

But just then the baby woke up and cried, and Patty had to amuse him until it was time for her to set the table. Dinner was on the table when Patty's father came in. He glanced at the table. "Apple pie?" he said. "I wonder if it will taste as good as the piece I had in the forest a while ago?"

"In the forest?" said Mistress Weaver.

"Why, where did you get a piece of apple pie in the forest?"

"About three miles from here," said Master Weaver, unfastening his powder horn from his belt. "I was going along the trail by the lake, when I came upon Kiwana, the Pequod lad. He was carrying as fine an apple pie as one could wish to see. He stopped, motioned me to sit down on a log with him. Then with his hunting knife he cut the pie and gave me a piece. I was hungry, and it seemed to me I never tasted a better pie."

"Oh, Mother," cried Patty, "I believe that was *my* pie. I met Kiwana on the way to Dame White's. He was coming this way, and I just believe he saw my pie cooling on the milk house shelf and took it without asking! What a bad boy to steal my pie! I made it for you, Father; and that bad Pequod boy stole it!" Patty's cheeks grew red and her blue eyes flashed.

"Hush, hush, daughter," said her father.

"Do not blame the poor savage lad. He does not know any better. He did not know he was stealing. He saw your fine pie; he wanted it and took it. Never mind, Patty, you can make me another; you see I had a piece of this one anyway!"

Patty laughed, and the angry light left her eyes. "Why, so you did, Father," she said happily, "and I'll take care to put the next one to cool where no roving Indian lad can get it."

The next day as Patty sat on her little stool busily sewing a seam in her new gray skirt, the door of the log house suddenly opened, and in walked the Pequod boy. He carried a string of fine trout, which he laid on the freshly scoured table.

"Kiwana take"—here the Indian boy pulled the pie tin from under his buckskin jacket. "Good,—good," he said putting his hand to his mouth. "Kiwana bring fish." Here he went to the table, and taking up the string of fish, he laid them across the pie

plate. By this the Indian boy meant that he had taken the pie and was giving the fish in return. Patty smiled at him.

"Thank you, Kiwana," she said primly, "I don't care *now* that you took my pie, but don't you know it's very wrong to take things that do not belong to you? Why, it's *stealing!*"

The Indian boy said nothing, but he shrugged his shoulder, held up his right hand, opened the door and was gone.

Patty looked out of the little window. The Indian lad was running swiftly up the trail and soon vanished in the thickets of the dark forest.

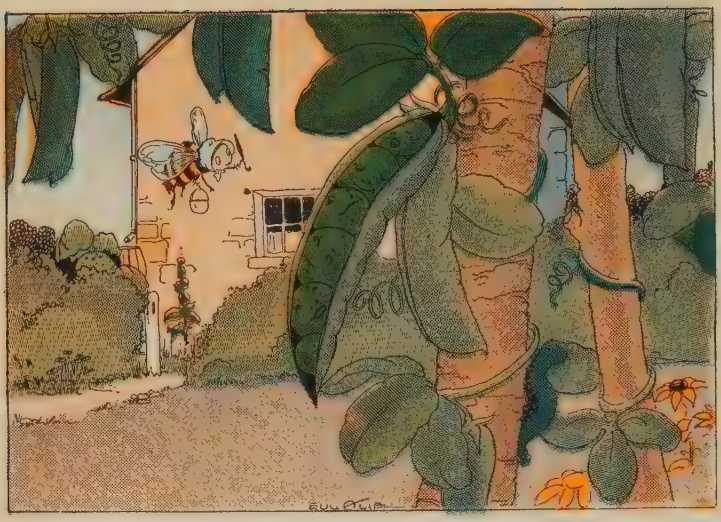
QUESTIONS

Who were the Pilgrims? What are fireplaces? Draw a picture of one. Why did the Pilgrims make houses and barns of logs? Draw a picture of a Pilgrim girl. What is a kerchief? What is meant by "vain things"?

What does industriously mean? What kind of a pie did Patty make and what did she put in it? Why was Patty's mother baking so many things? What was Patty's errand to Dame White's? Whom did she pass on the way?

What did Kiwana's people do? What did the Pilgrim children call Kiwana? Why? What is a settlement? What did Dame White give Patty? What had Patty's mother been doing while Patty was at Dame White's?

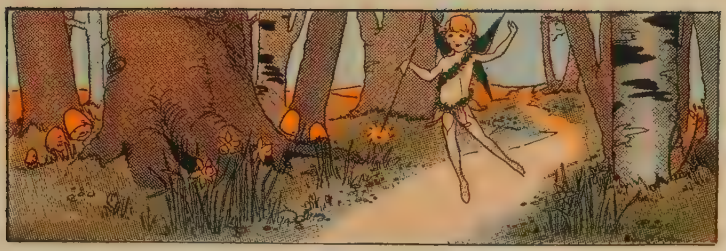
Why did Patty feel bad when she could not find her pie? What did Patty's father say about the Indian boy stealing the pie? Did Kiwana know better? Why not? What was Patty doing when Kiwana came the next day? What did he bring? What did he do? Why do you think he did this? Do you think he meant to be honest?



## A RIDDLE

There were six little men
  In a little green boat,
They were all round and fat,
  And each wore a green coat.

They grew in the garden,
  Upon a green vine,
And boys and girls like them
  Whenever they dine!
    Peas-in-the-pods.



## SPRING

Now the Spring comes creeping, creeping,
And the things that have been sleeping
Arise and waken slowly from their long,
long winter's nap.
And the buds are growing, growing,
And the icy streams are flowing;
And the woodpecker is sounding forth his
"Tap, tap, tap!"

For the Spring is coming, coming;
And the bees will soon be humming,
As they quiver here and there among the tall
and fragrant grass.
And the sun is warmer glowing;
And the flowers will soon be blowing
O'er the woodland, hill, and meadow where
you pass.

## SPARKLE

Sparkle was a raindrop that lived up on the edge of a big gray cloud. Numbers of other raindrops lived there, too, and what a happy time they had winking and twinkling and reflecting the bright rays of the sun in beautiful prismatic colors!

One day the Gray Cloud said, "There are too many raindrops here. Some of you must go down to the earth and freshen up the flowers. You, Sparkle, may go first."

"Oh, I don't want to go," cried Sparkle. "I like it here, and I am afraid to fall. It is so far down to the earth."

"For shame, Sparkle," said the Cloud. "The others are not afraid to go. Just look at them waiting for the Thunder to call them!"

"I am such a little raindrop," said Sparkle. "Please let me stay with you until I grow larger, then I will not be afraid to fall!"

But the Gray Cloud gently shook her shoulders.

"You are large enough, Sparkle; and when the Thunder calls, you must go. The large raindrops must leave and make room for the smaller ones to grow. I cannot keep you all, and besides the thirsty earth needs you."

Then came the loud voice of the Thunder. "Come, come," it boomed.

The Cloud fluttered. "Good-by, my dears," she called to the raindrops.

Down, down went the raindrops, Sparkle falling with them. The air was cool, and Sparkle began to enjoy her descent to the earth. The Sun came out; and looking over to the east, Sparkle saw a great half circle of raindrops, some dressed in red, some in orange, some in yellow, others in green, blue, and violet.

"How pretty they are," thought Sparkle. "I wish I were with them. I wonder where I am going?"

Just then Sparkle saw beneath her a garden full of beautiful flowers. The wind blew softly, and Sparkle fell right into the heart of a beautiful pink. Its spicy fragrance scented the air all around it.

"What a beautiful place to rest," said Sparkle, and she nestled closely in the pink. The sun shone out, and Sparkle twinkled like a diamond.

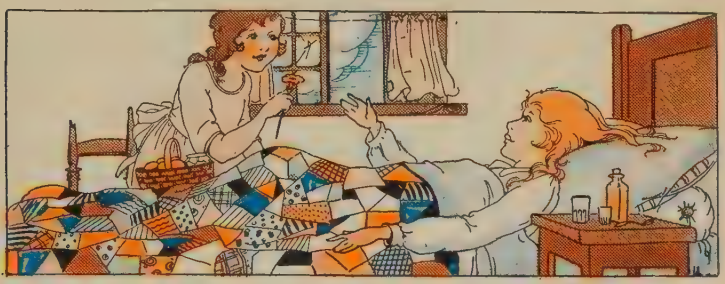
A little girl came running down the garden path. "How lovely it is after the shower!" she said. "How fresh all the flowers look!"

She ran down the path until she came to the place where the pink grew. "What a lovely flower," she cried, "I am going to pick it," and she plucked the rosy pink with Sparkle nestling in its fragrant heart.

"I know what I will do with it," said the little girl, "I will take it to poor sick Anna. Mother will give me a glass of jelly and some oranges for her, too."

So she took the pink and the good things

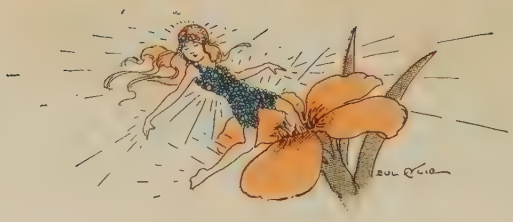
to the room where little Anna lay upon her bed. Anna's eyes brightened when she saw the jelly and oranges; but when she saw the beautiful pink, she held out her thin little



hand. "What a beautiful flower," she said. "How cool and fresh it is!" and she pressed the pink to her lips. Sparkle, hiding in the pink, crept out a bit and kissed the lips of the sick child.

"Put it in the glass of water on the table beside me," said Anna. "It makes me so happy that I think I will soon be well," she smiled.

Sparkle stayed in the beautiful pink and kept it fresh; and at night when the flower was taken from the room, and Sparkle felt



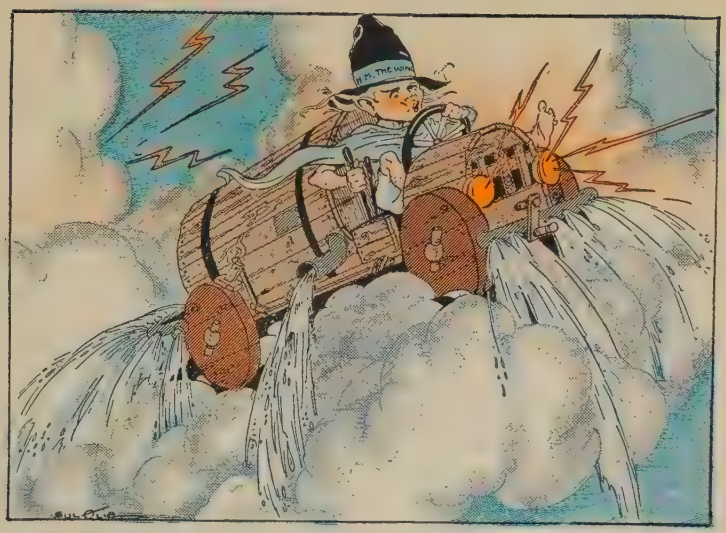
herself becoming lighter and lighter. She could not stay, and she floated away up and up until finally she found herself again a tiny raindrop sitting on the edge of a great, gray cloud.

"I will never be afraid to fall to earth again, Gray Cloud," she said.

QUESTIONS

Who was Sparkle? Where did she live? Who else lived there? What did they do? What does prismatic mean? Make a list of the rainbow colors.

What did the Gray Cloud tell the raindrops? Did Sparkle want to go to the earth? Why not? What did the Gray Cloud tell her? Did Sparkle go with the other raindrops? What word tells us how the air felt? What does descent mean? What did Sparkle see in the east? What did Sparkle see below her? Where did Sparkle fall? What does fragrance mean?



## THE THUNDER STORY

I used to be frightened at thunder;
It makes such a very loud roar
When the lightning goes slant and zig-zaggy
And the raindrops so swiftly down pour!

But since I have heard this nice story,
I am not a bit frightened, you see;
I'll tell you the story; now listen,—
I will tell you as it was told me.

The rain is kept in a big wagon,
Like a sprinkling cart, heavy and loud;
And the Wind drives it up in the Sky-land,
And over a high bridge of cloud.

When a big wagon goes over bridges,
You all know the noise that it makes,
Why, the bridge timbers just creak and tremble,
And the heavy bridge iron work just shakes!

So the thunder noise is not surprising
When the Rain Wagon, big and so loud,
Goes rumbling over the bridges
In Sky-land from black cloud to cloud.

## IN THE MEADOW

In the meadow the grass grows tall and green,
And the wind sings a lullaby;
And the bees hum there with a drowsy note,
And the clouds float in the sky.

And if you go to the meadow green,
And look while the breezes pass;
You will see the daisies and buttercups,
And violets in the grass.

In the meadow green on a bright spring day,
Sweet tiny chirps are heard;
And if you look in the grass, you'll see
The nest of a meadow bird.

### QUESTIONS

What is a meadow? What is a lullaby? What does a "drowsy note" mean?

Give the names of the flowers you will find in the meadow.

What will you hear in the meadow on a spring day?

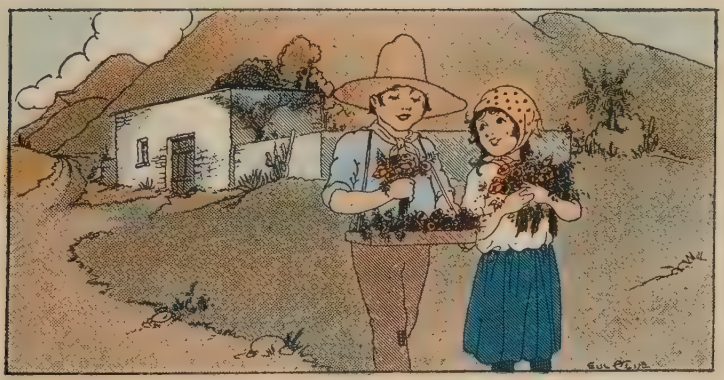
What will you see there?

## TOADSTOOLS

Four little toadstools grew in the meadow,
Four little toadstools, soft and white,
Down in the swaying green grass of the meadow,
Down by the daisies and violets bright.
Oh, tell me truly, tell me fair,
Is every toadstool a brown toad's chair?
Four little toadstools grew in the meadow,
Taller and larger as the days passed by,
Until they stood firmly, erect all together,
With white toadstool tops pointing up to the sky.
Oh, tell me truly, tell me plain,
Are they toad's umbrellas to keep off rain?

## LUIS AND JUANITA

Luis and Juanita are Mexican children. They live in Mexico, the land just south of ours. It is a very beautiful country with its broad plains, its deep valleys, and high snow-capped mountains.



Luis and Juanita live in an adobe house on the side of a mountain. An adobe house is a house made of clay mud baked hard and gray by the sun. There is an adobe wall all around the house and inside the wall is a beautiful garden. Roses, tulips, poppies, oleanders, and ferns grow in the garden, and

honeysuckle and trumpet vines climb over the adobe wall.

Every morning Luis and Juanita go out into the garden and pick great bunches of flowers. They tie them into bouquets, put them on trays, and go down to the railroad station. They wait there until the train comes in, and then they sell their bouquets to the passengers.

The children have a little burro named Sancho. Do you know what a burro is? It is a little donkey. Sancho has soft gray hair like plush, a big head and long ears. He is small, but very strong. He has a red and yellow blanket, and he wears a bell around his neck. When he walks, the bell makes a pretty tinkling sound. Luis and Juanita like to ride on Sancho's back.

Every year there is a festival in the great city. Luis and Juanita had never been to the city, and oh, how they had longed to go!

One day when the children were picking flowers in the garden, their mother called

them. They quickly ran to the house, and their mother said to them, "Uncle Pedro is going to the city. It is festival week. He says you may go with him if you like."

Luis and Juanita could hardly believe their ears,—the city! and festival week! It seemed too good to be true. They hurried to get ready. Luis put on his best brown trousers with the silver buttons, his new blue blouse, and his shiny leather belt. His brown eyes sparkled as he tied a red handkerchief around his neck.

"Oh, Mother," he cried, "may I wear Grandfather's gold buckle on my hat?"

His mother smiled and shook her head. "It is too fine a buckle for a little boy to wear," she said. "Besides, you might lose it; and it is a very beautiful old buckle. Grandfather has had it for many, many years."

"Yes,—but Mother,—I would be so careful of it; and think how pretty it would look on my fine new hat!"

"Well," said his mother, "I know you will

be very careful of it, and of course everybody dresses up to go to the festival," and she went into the little bedroom and returned with the buckle. It was indeed a beautiful buckle of carved gold, and in it was set a great sparkling stone. She fastened it on the band of Luis' big sombrero.

"Now be very careful of it, Luis," she said. "I would feel very sad indeed if anything happened to Grandfather's buckle. It will be yours to keep when you are a man."

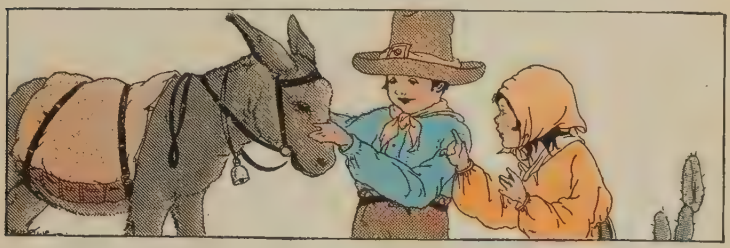
"Oh, never fear, Mother," cried Luis, "I'll take good care of it. Just see how pretty it looks!"

"Yes, dear, it does look pretty. Come, Juanita, are you ready?"

"Yes," said Juanita, coming into the room. She looked like a bright little flower in her blue skirt, red blouse, white kerchief, and her gay yellow silk handkerchief on her head.

Little Sancho was brought in from the roadside. His yellow and red blanket was

shaken and laid smoothly on his back, a bridle was slipped over his head, and he was ready. The children were to ride on his back and jog along down the mountain after Uncle Pedro. When they were ready to start, their mother gave each of them a bag of corn cakes—"tortillas" she called them.



"It is a long time until noon," she said, "and you may get hungry on the road."

How happy Juanita and Luis were! the sun shone hot on the mountain side, and flowers bloomed all along the trail. After they had traveled for some time, they came to a spring bubbling out of a rock. How good the cold water was and how they all enjoyed it!

By and by they came to the city. What a

gay place! Flags were fluttering, and streamers of bunting decorated the buildings; bands were playing, bells were ringing; and people—people everywhere—gaily dressed people were laughing, talking, and eating sweets. Luis and Juanita had never seen the like.

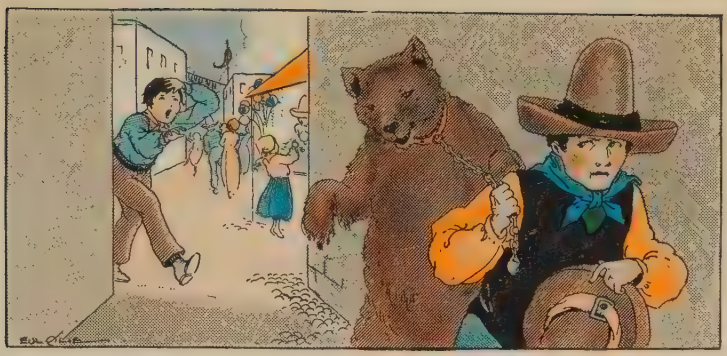
Uncle Pedro turned little Sancho into the public corral where many other burros were tied to the corral bars. Then he took Luis and Juanita into the public square where much merry making was going on. "Sit here," said he, "and wait until I come back."

Luis and Juanita gladly obeyed. There were such crowds of people. The children were a little big frightened, and they sat close together and held each other's hands.

After they had sat there a while, along came a man with a dancing bear. What funny tricks the bear could do, and how they laughed when he danced in his clumsy way! The man moved on. Both children jumped up, and before they knew it, they were fol-

lowing the man and the bear. Other children were following, too, some of them carrying long sticks of brown candy, some of them shaking tambourines or blowing on tin whistles. They passed a booth bright with beads and glittering trinkets. "Oh, Luis," cried Juanita, "I want to buy some blue beads to take to Mother!"

Juanita went into the booth to buy the beads, and Luis stood watching the antics of the bear. The man stopped his song and led the bear through a narrow opening between two buildings. Luis followed him. When they reached the end of the passage, the man suddenly turned and snatched from Luis' head his new hat with the shining buckle. He ran across the little court, pulling the bear by its chain, and quickly disappeared through an alley way. It all happened so quickly, and Luis was so surprised and startled that he stood still staring after the man. Then, "Oh, my hat! my hat!" he cried. "And my grand-



father's buckle! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

He ran across the court and into the alley, but the man and the bear were nowhere to be seen. Luis ran down the alley, looking this way and that. Then sadly he retraced his steps. His fine new hat and the buckle were gone! What would his mother say? And he had promised her he would be so careful! Tears welled up in his brown eyes. He went back to the booth where Juanita stood anxiously looking for him.

"I bought such a pretty string of beads," she said; then, "Why, Luis, where is your hat?"

"That wicked bear man snatched it and ran off," said Luis, with the tears streaming down his face.

Poor Juanita cried, too, and hand in hand they turned sadly to go back to the place where Uncle Pedro had seated them in the park. Luis paused uncertainly. He looked this way and that.

"Oh, Luis," quavered Juanita, "are we lost?"

"Oh, no," answered Luis bravely, "we'll see if this is the way," and hand in hand they turned a corner and went down the street.

No,—this certainly was not the way. Oh, what were they to do? Uncle Pedro would come to get them, and what would he think? Oh, why hadn't they stayed where he told them?

Juanita began to cry softly. It was late afternoon, and the sun was getting low. They came to the doorway of a church and sat down in the niche. Far away on some other street they could hear the bands play-

ing and the merry jingle of bells. Suddenly they were both very tired and very hungry.

"We'll rest here and eat our tortillas," said Luis, "and then we'll see if we can find that place."

So they ate their corn cakes and leaned against the rough wall; and before they knew it, they were fast asleep. When they awoke, the moon was shining, making queer little shadows on the street. Far away came the sound of music, bells, and laughter.

"Come, Juanita," said Luis. "We must go and see if we can find Uncle Pedro," and he pulled his little sister to her feet. Juanita put her hand in his, and they went down the street.

They turned a corner and suddenly they found themselves in the square. It was crowded with people all having the gayest time imaginable! There were colored lanterns and moving pictures on the wall of a large building. Boys and girls ran here and there throwing confetti and tickling people

with bunches of feathers tied on the end of a stick. Poor little Luis and Juanita stood still, and the crowd surged around them. They were jostled here and there, but they still held each other's hands. A big boy and a girl ran by them. The girl threw a huge handful of confetti all over Luis and the boy thrust his "tickler" in Juanita's face.

"I don't like it here," wailed Juanita, "I want to go home! I want to go home!"

Luis wanted to cry, too,—wasn't he tired and frightened, and hadn't he lost his best hat and Grandfather's precious buckle?—But he was a boy, and boys must be brave; and besides, he had to take care of Juanita. Suddenly he saw a man that looked like Uncle Pedro. He pulled Juanita after him, but when they came up to the man, they saw that it was not their uncle. Luis looked quickly about him.

"Over there past that yellow building was where Uncle Pedro left Sancho. Let's go over there," said he.

So the two tired and frightened children straggled across the street and up past the yellow building. Yes, there was the corral; and oh, joy! there was their own dear little Sancho! Juanita ran to him and buried her face in his shaggy coat.

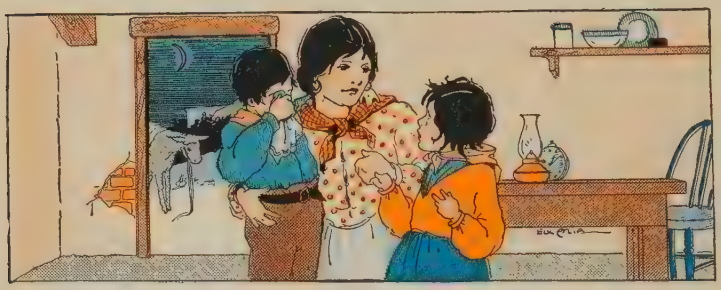
"Sancho knows the way home! He'll take us home," said little Juanita happily. "Let him out, Luis, and let's go home. We can't stay here all night."

So Luis let down the bar and led Sancho out, and both children mounted his back. Sancho flopped his big ears this way and that, then turned about and trotted up the street. Luis wondered if Sancho really did know the way home, but Juanita was very certain about it. And Sancho seemed very certain himself, for he trotted on; and soon they were in the outskirts of the city and were starting on the trail up the mountain.

It was light, for the great yellow moon shone as bright as day. Up the trail went little sure-footed Sancho, and an hour past

midnight two tired little people tumbled off his back in front of the adobe house.

"Mother, Mother," cried Juanita, and "Mother, Mother," called Luis with a sob in his voice. "Oh, Mother, I lost Grandfather's buckle and my fine new hat!"



"A bad bear man snatched Luis' hat and ran away with it," said Juanita. "Oh, Mother, we are so glad to get home! We were lost in the city and we couldn't find Uncle Pedro, but we found Sancho, and he brought us home!"

"We would have been lost yet, if it hadn't been for Sancho," said Luis soberly.

Their mother quickly took them in and helped them take off their holiday clothes,

now all dusty and wrinkled. She looked at their sorrowful, woe-begone little faces.

"Luis couldn't help it, Mother," said Juanita with quivering lips, and Luis cried softly and wiped his eyes on his gay red handkerchief.

"Never mind, dears, I'm very sorry, of course; but perhaps it was Mother's fault for letting a little boy wear such a fine buckle," said their mother.

"Don't cry, Luis, you can tell Mother all about it in the morning. In the meantime, I am very grateful to little Sancho for bringing my children safely home," and she patted the furry head of the little burro, who solemnly wagged his long ears to and fro.

QUESTIONS

Where is Mexico? What is an adobe house? Name the flowers that grew in the garden. What did the Mexican children do with the flowers? What is a burro? What was the burro's name? What did he wear on his back? Around his neck?

What was their uncle's name? Where was he going? What was going on in the city? What

things of his own did Luis wear? What did he borrow to wear? Whose was it? How was Juanita dressed? How did the children travel to the city? What did their mother give them for a lunch? What name did she call them? What is meant by the trail?

Describe how the city looked and what the people were doing. Where did Uncle Pedro put Sancho? What is a corral? What is confetti? What are tambourines? What did Juanita buy for her mother? What did the bear man do? How did Luis feel? Did he get his hat again? Why did he feel so bad? Whose buckle was it? Why couldn't the children find the place where their uncle had told them to stay? What did they do?

Describe night at the festival. What was going on? Did the children like it? How did they feel? Why didn't Luis cry? Where did they find Sancho? Did Sancho really know the way home? Was it dark on the mountain trail? Why not? Did they get home safely? What did the children tell their mother? What did she say? Did she scold them? Why do you think she did not?

## THE PUSSIES

There are some pussies by the brook,
They're small and soft and gray,
And when the wind blows by their nook,
They gently nod and sway.

They never run or jump or play,
They never mew or sneeze,
They're only pussy willow buds
On pussy willow trees!

### QUESTIONS

What is a brook? What does nook mean?
Can you draw a spray of pussy willows?

## GEMMA'S LETTER

Gemma was a little American girl who went with her father and mother on a trip to Japan. After she had been there for some time, she wrote a letter to her little friend Louise, telling her of the strange country, the quaint little people, and their curious customs. Would you like to read her letter? Here it is:

Dear Louise:

You will be surprised I know when I tell you that the houses in Japan are made of paper, rice straw and bamboo. The sides of the houses are like our porch screens. They can roll up and down. The Japanese roll them up in the daytime and let them down at night.

I have become acquainted with a little Japanese girl. Her name is Yuki, and she is very pretty. She wears a flowered silk kimono with a sash tied under her arms. She

calls her sash her "obi." Yuki has a pretty paper parasol, and Mother bought me one, too. Yuki and I take our parasols and walk in the garden.

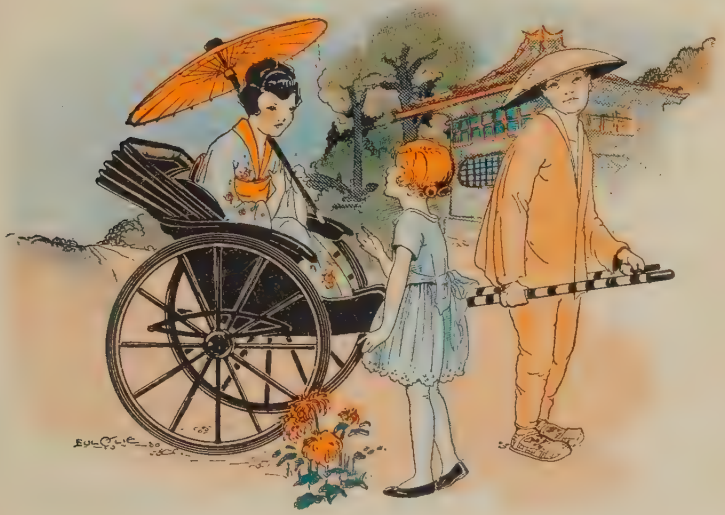
The garden is a beautiful place. It is full of lovely flowers, and there are many cherry and plum trees. There is a pond in the garden, and this pond is full of gold fish. There are lotus flowers and lilies growing on the edge of the water. Yuki and I go down every day and feed the gold fish and the love birds. The love birds are the prettiest little green and yellow birds you ever saw.

The Japanese take off their shoes when they go into a house, and they have no beds like ours. They sleep on soft quilts spread out on the floor. Their pillows are blocks of wood. There are no chairs in a Japanese house. Everybody sits on the floor.

Oh, Louise, I wish you could see the Japanese toys! Many of them are made of paper. The kites are especially wonderful. They are of all sizes, shapes, and colors,—

great golden butterflies, flowers, big birds, animals, and fierce-looking dragons!

Yuki came the other day with her jinricksha and her funny little jinricksha man. She asked me to go for a ride. A jinricksha



is a light two-wheeled cart or carriage. It is pulled, not by a horse or a donkey as one might suppose, but by a little brown man, wearing a loose blue cotton suit and straw sandals. These little men are so used to traveling over the hard roads that they trot almost as fast as a pony.

We had a fine ride. Yuki pointed out the rice fields to me, and we saw the people out in the sun picking the leaves of the tea plant. Tea is the chief drink of the Japanese, and rice is their chief food.

We went into the city and stopped at a gaily decorated booth. Yuki said,

"Come, let us get out and hear the man tell a story."

I went with Yuki, and we sat down and listened to the man. I could not understand a word he said, but Yuki said he told a story about three little monkeys who lived long ago in Nikko. One little monkey held his little paws over his ears so he would hear no evil things; the second little monkey held his little paws over his eyes so he would see no evil; and the third little monkey held his paws over his mouth so that he would speak no evil.

Yuki said this story was in her story book. She has a very pretty story book, but she starts to read it at the back of the book and

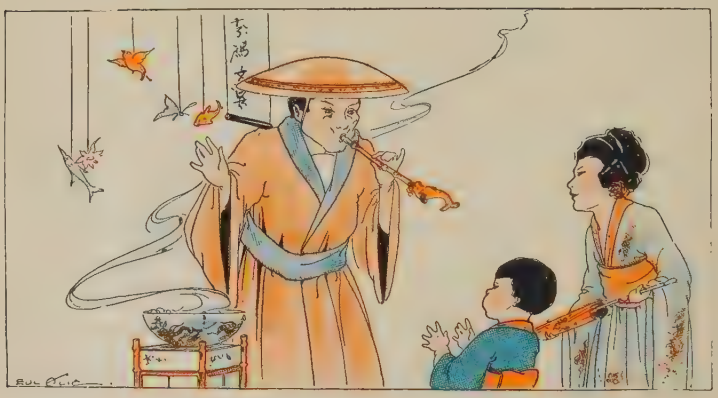
reads up from the bottom of the page to the top!

When I go to Yuki's house, I take off my shoes. We sit on the floor, and her mother gives us rice cakes and tea and candied ginger, which is very good.

Yuki and her brothers are very polite. Japanese children are said to be the most polite children in the world. Did you know that, Louise? And the Japanese babies hardly ever cry. Yuki has a very little baby brother, and I have never yet heard him cry. He is such a good baby and looks like a little doll.

Yuki and I went to the park one day. On the way, we passed a show man. He was doing tricks for the people, and he made candy toys to sell. He had a blowpipe made of bamboo and a great dish of hot syrup bubbling on a little brazier or charcoal stove. I do not see how he did it; but with his blowpipe and some of the hot syrup, he made the most wonderful candy toys which he sold to

the boys and girls. He blew a big candy fish for Yuki's little brother. He blew a candy bird sitting on a candy nest for Yuki, and he blew a big yellow butterfly for me. The things looked too pretty to eat; but we finally did eat them, and they were very good, too.



Just now the plum and cherry trees are all in blossom, and it is a holiday time in Japan. All the people march out to the orchards carrying paper lanterns and fans and parasols. They take their lunch with them and stay all day. The Japanese children have

pockets in the long sleeves of their loose robes, and they fill these pockets with rice cakes and sweet-meats.

At night the people light their lanterns and march home singing songs about the plum and cherry blossoms.

Japan is sometimes called the "Sunrise Land." The flag of Japan is white with a red sun and its rays upon it.

From where we are staying we can see Fuji-Yami, the highest and most beautiful mountain in all Japan. Its top is always covered with snow; and when the sun shines on it, the mountain seems to turn all sorts of beautiful colors, pink and yellow and even a lovely purple and lavender and green. It is called the Sacred Mountain, and many of the Japanese people worship it. In nearly every Japanese picture one can see this beautiful mountain for the Japanese people love it so much.

This is a long letter, dear Louise; but Japan, its people, and their customs are so

interesting to me. I wish you were here to enjoy it with me. You must plan to come some day.

With much love from your friend,

GEMMA.

QUESTIONS

Who was Gemma? Where did she go? Who went with her? Where is Japan? To whom did she write a letter? Describe the houses in Japan. What was the name of Gemma's Japanese friend? What was her gown called? Her sash? What did Gemma's mother buy her? Tell about Yuki's garden. What color are the love birds? Where do the Japanese sleep? How are their beds different from ours? Where do the Japanese people sit? Of what are many of the Japanese toys made? What is a dragon? Can you make a picture of one? What is a jinricksha? What did Gemma see on her ride? What is tea? What is rice? What story did the Japanese man tell the children?

How does Yuki read her book? What does Gemma do when she goes into Yuki's house? What did Yuki's mother give them to eat? What did the candy man make for Yuki's little brother? What did he make for Yuki and Gemma?

What do the Japanese people do in cherry and plum blossom time?

## THE TULIP

Down in the earth a rough little bulb
Lay sleeping, lay sleeping;
All through the winter the little brown bulb
Lay sleeping, lay sleeping.
But when the warm winds of the springtime
blew,
The brown bulb burst; for well it knew
That the sun shone warm and the sky was
blue,—
'Twas springtime, 'twas springtime!
So up came two little leaves of green,
Just growing, just growing;

And a tiny stem and a bud were seen,
Just growing, just growing.
And the bud burst open one fine spring day,
And out peeped a tulip so bright and gay;
And it nodded its head in a jolly way,
'Twas springtime, 'twas springtime!

QUESTIONS

What is a bulb? How does it look? What did it do all winter? What happened in the spring? What kind of a bulb was it? What kind of a flower do you think it had? Can you make a picture of it and color it?

## THE TULIP CUPS

Night filled the cups of the tulips,
The red, the yellow, the pink,
All brimming full of sparkling dew
For the thirsty Sun to drink!

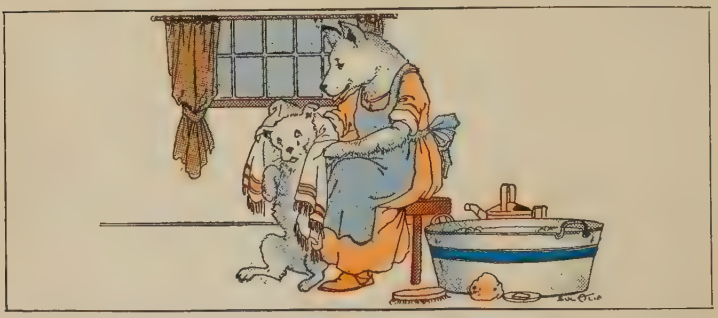
## THE DISOBEDIENCE OF IKEY JACOB

Ikey Jacob was a little white dog that lived with his mother Trixie on the side of a high, high hill. They had a nice little cottage surrounded by a neat white fence. Back of the cottage was their garden, where the paths all sloped up because it was on the hillside.

Mother Trixie was a very neat housekeeper, and everything about her was spick and span. She scrubbed Ikey Jacob every day until his coat was as white as snow, but I am sorry to say that Ikey Jacob did not like this very well. He said he never could have a good time rolling and tumbling in the road with his friends the Brown dogs, who lived down the road; for just as soon as he came home with a dirty coat, Mother Trixie was sure to wash him, even if he had had five baths that day! He said he wished he had a black coat or a brown coat, or even a gray

coat, for then Mother Trixie couldn't see the dirt and dust on him.

"You must be neat and clean, Ikey Jacob," said Mother Trixie; "or Madam Furry will never let you play with her little granddaughters, Tootsie and Katesy."



"I don't like Tootsie and Katesy," grumbled naughty Ikey Jacob. "They're nothing but horrid little kittens, and they are afraid of every other dog but me."

"I should think you would be glad of that, Ikey Jacob; for it shows that you are a nice, clean, well-brought-up little dog, and would never do anything rude. Come here and let me brush up your ears; so you may take this

nice basket of grapes and pail of cream to Madam Furry. If you like, you may stay awhile and play with Tootsie and Katesy," and as his mother spoke, she carefully brushed up Ikey Jacob's ears and smoothed down his little pointed nose.

"Now, Ikey Jacob," said his mother, as she gave him the basket and the pail, "I hear that a family of fierce wolves has moved over on the hill, and that they have several rough cubs. If you should happen to meet any of them on the road—for I hear that they roam about everywhere—do not speak to them, but hurry on to Madam Furry's; for if you should fall in with them, goodness knows what might happen to you!"

So she bade him goodby and sent him on his way down the road to Madam Furry's.

Now just the day before when Ikey Jacob had been cutting corn away up on the hill at the end of the cornfield, he had spied three dusty-looking wolf-cubs looking at him from behind a huge rock. He knew they

belonged to the fierce Wolf family, who had just moved into Mr. Bear's old den on the other side of the hill; so he pretended not to see them and went on cutting his corn. But he could not help hearing what they said, as they were talking about him.

One of them (the one with the nip out of his ear, and whose name was Snuffie) said in a loud tone that he didn't like white coats; that they always made him think of old Grannie Goose, who always wore one; and that white coats were only for old geese, cats, and babies anyway!

And then Tuffie, the long-tailed one, smiled wickedly and said that he'd better believe no one could make him stay in the field and cut corn when he could have such a nice time jumping around on the rocks and chasing rabbits; and Huffie (who had one blue eye and one brown eye) switched his stubby tail and grumbled aloud—loud enough for Ikey Jacob to hear—that he felt sorry for any poor little white dog that had

such a cruel mother that made him work so hard and keep so clean.

Then they all came a little nearer and peeped at Ikey Jacob through the fence, and said "Hello!" and Ikey, feeling very much abused, pulled up a whole corn-plant by the roots and said "Hello" back to them.

Then the little wolves poked their noses through the fence and invited Ikey Jacob to come and play with them; and although Ikey Jacob knew that his mother would not like it, he threw down his basket of corn, ran under the fence and away off up the hill to the rocks, where he played all the afternoon with the rough and dirty little wolves.

"Come up and play with us tomorrow,"

said Snuffie when it was time to go home, "and we'll have a better time than we had today."

So all the next day Ikey Jacob had been planning a way by which he might go to play with Snuffie, Tuffie and Huffie Wolf. And when Mother Trixie sent him on the errand to Madam Furry's, he could hardly conceal his delight. In his naughty little heart he resolved to take the grapes and cream to Madam Furry, and then run off and play with the wolves.

He hurried as fast as he could down the road, so fast indeed that a big bunch of grapes fell off the top of the basket, and the cream slopped over the sides of the pail; but Ikey ran on and didn't care.

Near Madam Furry's house there was an old stone wall, and back of it Ikey could see Snuffie, Huffie, and Tuffie waiting for him. He hurriedly handed the pail and basket to Madam Furry, and then, not waiting for her thanks, ran away to join the little wolves.

But he did not see little Katesy Kitten by the wall; and as he jumped over and started to go away with Snuffie, Huffie, and Tuffie, Katesy called in her sharp little voice, "Why Ikey Jacob, where are you going? Who are those rough things with you? I'm going to go right now and tell your mother!" and Katesy started to run along the wall to go and tell Ikey Jacob's mother.

Ikey Jacob stopped. He did not want Katesy Kitten to tell his mother, but he did want to go and play with the Wolf cubs.

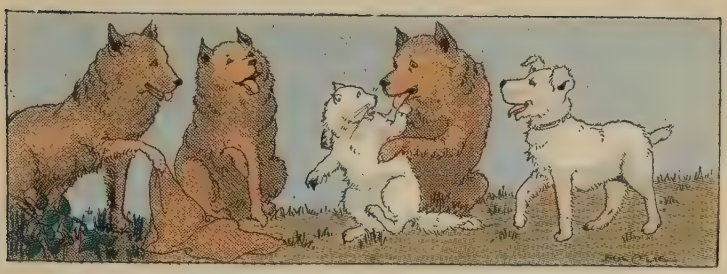
"I'll tell you what," said Snuffie quickly, "we'll have to take Katesy, too. Then she

can't tell your mother, and you can come with us. We'll take her up to our house and tie her up so she can't run away."

"Oh, that will be nice," said Ikey Jacob, for he disliked Katesy even more than he did her sister, Tootsie, for Katesy had once scratched him, and she was always making faces and sticking out her tongue at him behind her grandmother's back. So he said: "Hurry, Tuffie, and catch her before she gets away!"

So Tuffie hurried and caught little Katesy. She kicked and bit and scratched with her sharp little claws; but Tuffie's skin was tough (like the sound of his name), and he did not mind.

Just then Snuffie spied an old potato sack back of Madam Furry's barn. He ran and picked it up, and he and Tuffie and Huffie and Ikey pushed poor little Katesy into it, and tied up the top. Then Huffie threw the bag, Katesy and all, over his shoulder and away they all ran up the hill.



Ikey could see Katesy struggling in the bag, and he could hear her crying and mewing, but he did not care. He was glad she could not go and tell his mother, and he thought of what a nice time he would have on the hill-top with Huffie, Snuffie, and Tuffie.

"I will stay till sun-down," said naughty Ikey Jacob, as he went with the little wolves away over on the other side of the hill to their den. He had never been on this side of the hill before, and some way it did not seem quite as nice as he had thought it would be. The way was long and rough and the sharp stones hurt Ikey Jacob's feet. Besides, it was very hot; and Katesy's cries annoyed him. He wished that she were back at her grand-

mother's with Tootsie. He was very thirsty and politely asked Snuffie where he could get a drink of water, but Snuffie only laughed rudely and pushed him so roughly that he fell and rolled away down the hill among some sharp stones. After a while they came to the den where Tuffie, Huffie, and Snuffie lived.

Mrs. Wuffie Wolf, their mother, sat by the door of the den. She was such a mean-looking, untidy, fierce old wolf that Ikey Jacob's heart sank within him, and he wished that he were safe in his mother's cornfield on the other side of the hill.

"What have you in the bag?" snarled Mrs. Wuffie Wolf, showing her teeth.

" 'Tis Katesy Kitten," said Snuffie. "Her grandmother is that rich old Madam Furry who lives on the other side of the hill, and this little white dog is Ikey Jacob. We brought him up here to give him a good time," and here Snuffie winked in an unpleasant manner at his brothers. Poor Ikey

Jacob wished more than ever that he had minded his mother and had let the bad wolves alone.

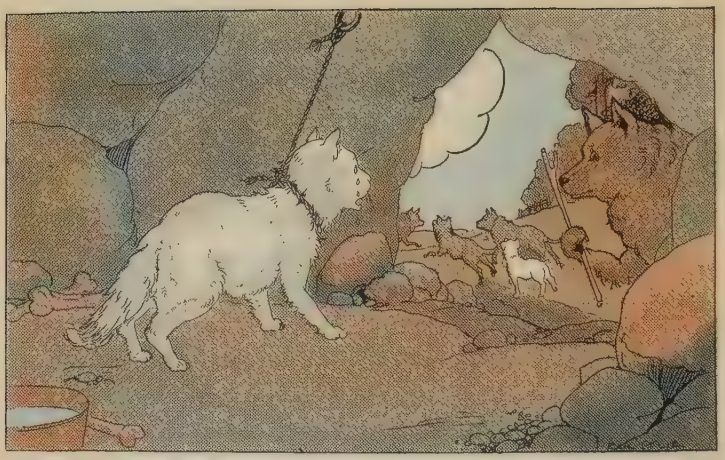
Mrs. Wuffie Wolf snatched the bag and dumped out poor little Katesy Kitten. Even Ikey Jacob felt sorry for her. Her pretty fur was all rumpled and matted, and her little three-cornered face was wet with tears.

She tried to run by Mrs. Wuffie Wolf, but Mrs. Wuffie caught her, and with a stout rope, she tied Katesy tightly and fastened the end of the rope to a big iron ring in the roof of the den.

"I shall keep her until her grandmother pays for her with a lamb," said the wicked old wolf.

"Come on, Ike," shouted Huffie rudely, and the three cubs ran at Ikey Jacob and rolled him over and over on the sharp stones and the old white gnawed bones which lined the path up to their den.

"Please don't, Huffie," said Ikey Jacob; "you hurt me!" But the cubs only laughed



and prodded him with branches that they had broken from a thorn-bush.

"Come on, Snuff," cried Tuffie, "let's give him a brown coat!" And the three little wolves drove poor Ikey Jacob into a muddy spring, where they made him roll in the wet clay.

Then, indeed, he did not look like Ikey Jacob at all. He began to feel very sorry for himself and also for poor little Katesy, whom he could see was entirely at the mercy of the old Mother Wolf. Besides, Ikey Jacob felt that it was his fault that poor Katesy had

been carried away to the wolves' den, and he wondered what her grandmother would do to him when she found it out.

He remembered what his mother had taught him about being polite, and he tried to be polite to Huffie, Tuffie, and Snuffie, but they knew nothing of politeness, and only laughed louder and prodded him more with their sharp sticks.

Finally they drove him away up on the top of the hill. Tuffie threw a big stone and cruelly hurt Ikey Jacob's leg, so that he cried pitifully and limped along, leaving little bloody drops behind him at every step.

"We're going to tie you here until we go and eat our supper; then we'll come back and have some more fun with you," said Huffie. So they tied Ikey Jacob with a stout rope about a big rock.

"Oh, please, please let me go," begged Ikey Jacob, "and I will give you my silver collar!"

"You'll give me the silver collar, indeed!"

jeered Tuffie. "Why, I was just going to take it!" and he fell upon Ikey and roughly pulled off the pretty silver collar.

"It's too small to go around my neck," said Tuffie, "but I'll wear it for an ear-ring on my ear." But Snuffie, who had a nip out of his ear, declared that the collar should be his, as it would fit his ear much better. So he and Tuffie had a terrible fight, in which Snuffie was victorious, and he ran off with Ikey Jacob's pretty silver collar dangling from his nicked ear.

"I've set the eagles to watch you," said

Huffie sternly, "so you'd better not try to get away," and he pointed to five big, ungainly birds staggering around on the edge of the hill, uttering hoarse cries.

Ikey Jacob's heart turned cold within him. These were the very eagles Mother Trixie had warned him about many and many a time when he had wanted to go up to the top of the hill.

Then off ran Huffie and Snuffie and Tuffie, and Ikey Jacob was left alone. He cried quietly to himself, for he was afraid of the terrible eagles who were very unclean and would often come stumbling up near him. It was getting dark, too, and the hill was shadowy and black and lonely.

"I must get away. I must get away before those bad wolves come back," thought Ikey Jacob desperately.

So he twisted and pulled and gnawed. Finally he did succeed in breaking the rope, but he could not untie the piece that was around his lame leg.

"How will I ever get away so that those terrible eagles will not see me?" thought poor little mud-covered Ikey.

He lay quietly, watching them. He noticed that they seemed sleepy, for with drooping heads, they stood first on one foot, then on the other. Ikey Jacob lay very still, hardly daring to breathe. Then, when they were not looking, he crept out a little way. Then he lay still for a while and crept a bit further. In this way he went on, and by the time he had reached the shadow of a big rock, the eagles were all asleep, swaying to and fro.

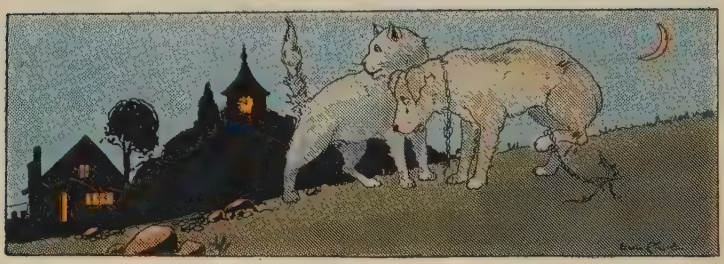
Ikey Jacob's tongue was dry, and his foot hurt him badly; and when he thought of the long dark way down the hill to his dear home and Mother Trixie, poor little Ikey Jacob could hardly keep from crying aloud. But he remembered the fierce eagles, and he dared not make a sound, for anything might awaken them. So he tried not to think of his pain and crept on a little at a time.

Once when he was crawling over a heap of stones, he was sure that he heard Huffie and Snuffie and Tuffie searching for him. So he lay very still in the dark shadow of a thorn-bush. The rustling noise stopped; then Ikey heard it again, and also a little whine and mew, as a lot of stones rattled down the hill, quite as if someone had stepped on them and slipped. Ikey Jacob peeped out cautiously. He could see a little furry ball of something creeping along.

"Katesy," he whispered softly, "Katesy, is it you?" And a little frightened voice answered, "Oh, Ikey Jacob, Ikey Jacob, let us hurry and run home as fast as we can, before those fierce wolves find that we are gone! Mrs. Wuffie Wolf caught a young goat, and they are all up in the den eating it!" said Katesy. "I scratched and bit my rope apart; and when they were not looking, I ran away. Come, come, Ikey, let us hurry!"

"I cannot hurry," said Ikey sadly.

"Tuffie threw a big stone and hurt my foot, and there is a piece of rope tied around it which catches on all the stones and bushes. You go on, Katesy, and I'll come after you. Hurry up now, for Mother Tuffie may come for you any minute!"



"I'll not go and leave you," said good little Katesy, and Ikey Jacob felt ashamed of himself as he remembered the mean things he had thought and said of Katesy. He felt even more ashamed when Katesy bit and scratched the rope off his lame leg and helped him to go on over the stones.

"You have such a good nose, Ikey Jacob," said Katesy, "that you must lead the way, and I will help you on. You know I can see in the dark."

So stumbling and creeping and crawling, Ikey Jacob and Katesy finally found themselves behind the stone wall near Madam Furry's house. It was very late; for they heard the village clock beyond the meadow strike ten! Madam Furry's house was brightly lighted, and everyone seemed to be up and looking for something or somebody.

"They are hunting for you and me," whispered Katesy. Then she pulled Ikey Jacob over the wall; and together they went up to Madam Furry's front door, where Katesy's grandmother welcomed her with joy.

"But who is this with you?" asked Madam Furry. Just then Mother Trixie came out from behind the door, with tears streaming down her face. "Oh, Katesy, did you see anything of Ikey Jacob?" she asked anxiously.

"I am Ikey Jacob," said the poor little dog and, unbelievingly, they looked at him.

"Ikey Jacob is white and wears a silver

collar," said Mother Trixie, weeping. "Oh, I just know that those wicked wolves have enticed him away!"

"This is Ikey Jacob," said Katesy, "but the wicked wolves rolled him in the mud. That is why he is all brown and dirty. The wolves hurt him, and they hurt me, too," and little Katesy began to cry.

"Why, Katesy," said her grandmother, "did you go to play with the wolves? I never knew you to disobey me before."

"I will tell you all about it," said Ikey Jacob bravely, although he was very much frightened.

They all knew now that it was really Ikey Jacob, in spite of his mud-covered coat and bruised and swollen feet. "It was all my fault, and I'll tell you all about it."

So Ikey Jacob told of his meeting and playing with the naughty cubs back of the cornfield, and of his disobeying his mother and going off with them that day, and how he helped them put poor little Katesy in the

potato sack. Then with tears they both told of the way the wolves had treated them and of their escape and the painful journey home.

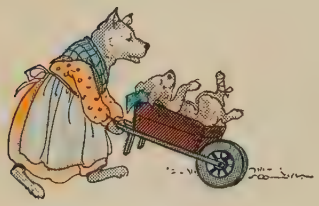
"Oh, Mother," said Ikey Jacob, "if you will only forgive me and wash me clean, I will never disobey again, and I won't tease Katesy and Tootsie any more, and I will work in the garden harder than I have ever worked before!"

His mother and Madam Furry saw that he meant every word that he said, and so they both forgave him. Mother Trixie borrowed a wheelbarrow from Madam Furry and wheeled Ikey Jacob home, for he was very lame from the rock which Huffie had hurled at him.

Then Mother Trixie put him in the bathtub and washed him clean and white. She brushed up his ears, smoothed his little, cold, pointed nose and gave him a nice piece of liver for his supper—not because he had disobeyed, you understand, but because he was

truly sorry that he had not minded. Mother Trixie said that she thought he had been punished enough.

As for Mrs. Wuffie Wolf and Huffie and Tuffie and Snuffie, the farmers came and drove them all away, and they have never since been seen on the hillside.



## THE SWISS CHILDREN

Henri, Hedwig, and Seppi were Swiss children. They lived in a Swiss village in an Alpine valley. Their home was a pretty little cottage with a thatched roof. The cottage windows had many small panes of glass, and under each window was a box filled with gay flowers. The village where they lived was at the foot of a mountain, and all around towered the great peaks of the Alps, some of them always covered with snow.

The good old grandfather, who lived with the children and their parents, often told them tales of the mountains and of the people who came from far away lands just to climb up the rough mountain sides. In his younger days grandfather had been a guide who led the mountain climbers on their way and showed them the places where they could best see the wonderful Swiss scenery.

The three children went out on the green

mountain side every bright day and followed the sleek cows. Some of the cows had bells around their necks, and the bells tinkled musically in the clear air.

There were goats on the mountain, too, and many a rough and tumble game did Henri have with big Billy who was the leader of the flock.

Hedwig did not play much with the goats. She liked to go about and pick the gay flowers, while little Seppi chased the big butterflies here and there in the mountain meadow.

In the spring the family left the village and went up on the mountain to a small house where they were to live all summer. They took with them all the things they would need to make cheese, for it was to make cheese that they left the village and went up on the mountain side. When they went, they drove the cows before them to the upland pastures. All through the summer, they made cheeses, big and little. Grandfather, Henri, and Hedwig helped, but

Seppi was too little to help; so he just played all day long.

Henri had a sharp knife, and grandfather showed him how to carve pretty things from wood—little baskets, candlesticks, spoons, forks, and pretty toys. Grandfather was an expert wood carver, and he made many beautiful things for the merchants in the city of Berne. Sometimes the two older children would go with their grandfather when he took his wood carvings to market.

There are big bear pits in Berne, and in these pits there are many bears. The city of Berne takes its name and its coat of arms

from the bears. Most of these bears are quite tame and friendly. People are always watching them and usually they have something for the bears to eat—a honey cake, sweetmeats, or a handful of nuts.

One day while their grandfather was trading with the merchants, Hedwig and Henri spent their time at the bear pits watching the bears. Just before they started on their climb up the mountain, Grandfather stopped at a shop and bought three little toy bears. One he gave to Hedwig, one to Henri, and the other he put in his pocket for little Seppi.

"Grandfather, tell us a tale," said Hedwig, as they sat in the shadow of a big rock resting awhile before they continued on their way.

"Yes," said Henri, "tell us about when you were a little boy, Grandfather, and were lost on the mountain side."

"But you have heard that story so often, my children," said the old man.

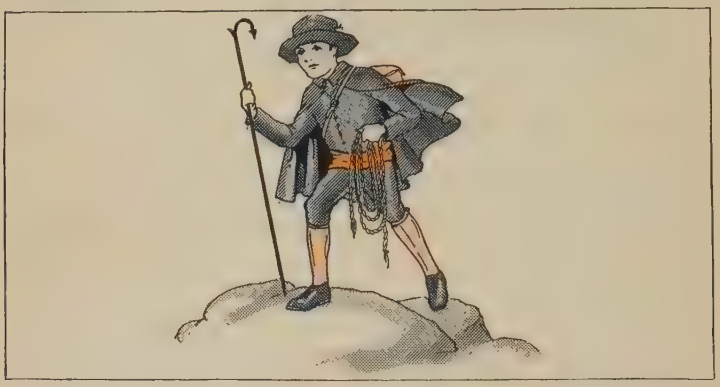
"Yes, but we like it better every time we hear it," said they.

"Well," began the grandfather, and Henri and Hedwig settled themselves comfortably to listen.

"My father was a guide," continued Grandfather. "I remember well how gaily he set forth every day, carrying his knapsack, his rope, and his alpenstock. When he came to the turn by the big rock, he would look back and wave his hat to my mother and me. How I longed for the time to come when I, too, could wear a hat with a cock's

feather and carry a rope and an alpenstock.

"Finally, when I was a boy of twelve, sturdy and strong, my father said I might go with him up on the mountain. How happy I was! I had a new knapsack, a new rope, and a fine strong alpenstock. I felt quite grown up as I trudged by the side of my father.



"Gradually the path became rough and steep. We could look down on the village. Then higher still, and we looked down upon the mountain pastures and the sheep. The path was rough and I was very tired. The air grew cold and a keen wind blew.

" 'Wilhelm,' said my father, 'You are

tired, and there is a storm on the way. When we come to Werner's hut, you may stay there, and I will go on and return for you later.'

"We soon came to Werner's hut and my father made a fire in the little charcoal stove. Werner was not at home, and his fire had gone out. Then my father said goodby and went away and left me.

"It was lonely in Werner's little hut. After a while I ate the lunch that my good mother had given me, and I felt very much refreshed. I was not tired now, and I decided to follow my father. He would soon be coming back, and I thought I would meet him on the mountain path.

"With my coat buttoned snugly around me and my alpenstock in my hand, I carefully shut the door of Werner's little hut and set out upon the mountain. As I walked, I felt something upon my cheek. It was a snowflake. I looked up. The clouds were heavy and gray, and the air was full of

snow. Soon the path was covered. The snow came thicker and faster. I turned to go back to Werner's hut, but the wind blew me about so that I lost all sense of direction. I could see nothing, for the snow blinded me, and it was getting dark.

"I struggled on and on. My feet were so cold I could hardly walk. At last I could go no farther, and I sank down in the snow to rest awhile. Oh, how tired I was! I knew that I must not rest long, for the snow would soon cover me. I tried to rise; but the snow had drifted, and I could not gain a foothold. I sank back into the snow. A warm feeling came over me, and it seemed to me that I was at home in my little bed and falling fast asleep.

"My next feeling was of something tugging at my big collar. I opened my eyes. Something big and shaggy stood over me. I was frightened. What was this furry beast that was pulling at me? A deep bark sounded over the snowy drifts.

" 'It's the dog, the dog of the good monks!' I thought, and was falling asleep again. Once more a tug on my coat, and I felt myself being lifted and carried through the snow. A lantern flickered; then I fell asleep in earnest.

"When I awoke, I found myself in the hospice of the good monks, who cared for me all night. In the morning my father came. He told me how the monks had sent out their dogs during the storm and how one of them had found me buried under a drift. He had tugged and pulled and

barked, and the good brothers had come and saved me." Grandfather paused. Hedwig and Henri sighed contentedly.

"That's a good story," said Hedwig. "The best of it is, it is true," said Henri.

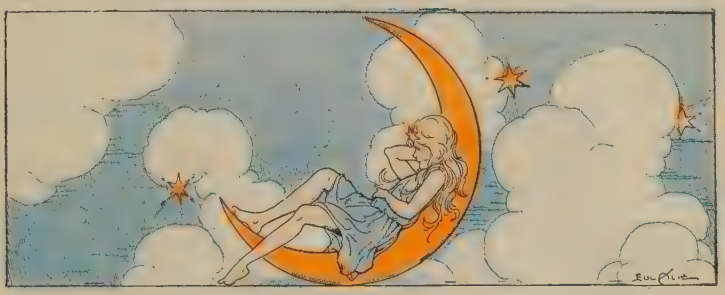
Then the three, Grandfather, Henri, and Hedwig, picked up their baskets and bundles and trudged on up the path to the little house in the upland meadow, where Mother and little Seppi watched for their coming.

QUESTIONS

In what country do Swiss people live? What is a valley? What kind of a roof is a thatched roof? What do the Swiss guides do? What does the word "sleek" mean? Where did the Swiss family go in the spring? Why did they leave the village? How long did they stay? What is a pasture? What is an upland pasture? What things did Henri carve? Tell what you read about the city of Berne. What is a coat of arms? Has your state one? What is it like? What are sweetmeats? Tell in your own words the tale Grandfather told the children. What is an alpenstock?

## THE STORY OF IRIS AND THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

Long ago in the Far Away Time there lived a lovely little girl. Her name was Iris. Her father was the great shining Sun, and her mother was a daughter of the



Ocean. Iris lived in the sky. She sailed on the soft white clouds. She rocked in the silver boat of the moon, and the stars were her little playmates.

The Ocean, who was her grandfather, loved Iris very dearly. Iris loved her grand-

father too. She liked to ride over the waves with him in his chariot of foam. She liked to race with him on the backs of the white horses of the sea. Her grandfather wanted her to come to the ocean and live with him.

"No," said her father, the Sun, "Iris belongs to both the Sky and the Sea. I will tell you what we can do. Let us build a bridge from Sea to Sky. Over this bridge Iris can go. Part of the time she will live in the Sky, and part of the time she will be in the Sea. She can be a messenger and carry messages between the Sea and the Sky."

So the Sun and the Ocean decided to make a bridge. First they made a great arch from Sky to Sea. Over this bridge they spread a carpet made of raindrops. The Sun shone on the bridge and changed the raindrops into beautiful colors. The colors were red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. Many and many a time did little Iris trip over the beautiful Rainbow Bridge. She was always made welcome whether she vis-

Ocean

ited in the Sky with her father or drove with her grandfather over the waves of the Sea.

Iris was a little messenger. She carried news of the Sun and the Sky-land down to the depths of the Ocean. She carried messages from the Ocean to her father, the Sun, for the Sun and the Ocean are friends, and both work together to benefit the world.

Do you know that boys and girls can be messengers like little Iris? We can carry good messages to people. We must try to make people happy with our messages. We can be messengers of Truth, Love and Joy. Iris carried gifts with her messages. She carried raindrops for the flowers and sunbeams for the clouds. We can carry gifts with our messages too. We can carry kind thoughts and words. We can do kind deeds to help others.

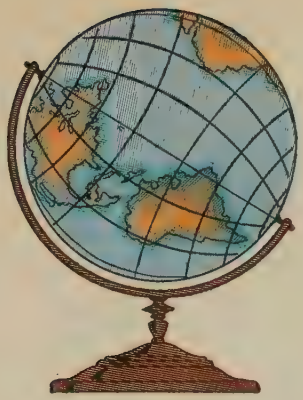
There's a rainbow in the sky
Curving up and up so high,
And its colors are most beautiful to see;

They are red, orange and blue,
Green and yellow, purple, too,
Oh, the rainbow is a wond'rous sight
to me!
And the Sunbeam Fairies play
With the Raindrops on the way,
As they cross the gleaming arch so far
on high;
And there's ne'er so fair a sight,
After storms when all is bright
As the Rainbow Bridge of Iris in the
Sky!

The Sun draws water from the ocean, the lakes, the rivers, the little streams and pools. He draws the water with his shining bright rays. He changes the water drops into vapor and he hides them in the clouds. When the clouds are full of vapor, the cool wind changes them back into water drops. Then they fall to the earth in rain. When the clouds are full of raindrops and the sun shines on them, the colors make a rainbow in the sky.

## QUESTIONS

Who was the mother of Iris? Who was her father? What is a chariot? What is a bridge? Do you know the names of any famous bridges? What is a messenger? How does the water get into the clouds? What is rain? What makes the rainbow?



## GEOGRAPHY

The best of all the books in school,
I like geography;
It tells of countries far away,
And islands in the sea.

It tells of cities, deserts, bays,
Flat plains, and mountains, too;
It tells of rivers, lakes and swamps,
And icebergs cold and blue.

It tells of people in the North,
The Eskimos, you know;
It tells of negroes in the South,
Where cane and cotton grow.

It tells of red men, brown men, too,
And of the fair-skinned man;
It tells about the yellow folks
In China and Japan.

It tells where we get all our ore,
Our coffee, rice and tea;
It tells us other things that grow
In lands across the sea.

And so of all the books in school,
I like geography,
Because it tells so many things
Of interest to me.

QUESTIONS

What is geography? What is a city? A desert? An island? A bay? A plain? A mountain? A sea? A river? A lake? A swamp? An iceberg? What do we call the people who live in the cold north? What is meant by cane? What is cotton? How is it used? What is ore? Name some uses for the different kinds of ore. What is coffee? What is rice? What is tea? Why did the child who tells this little story say he liked geography the "best of all the books in school"?

## WHEN GEORGE WASHINGTON WROTE A LETTER

When George Washington wrote a letter, boys and girls, on the table before him lay a piece of stiff parchment paper, a box with holes in the top, like a salt shaker, a sharp knife, a few goose quills, a horn containing ink, a ruler, a bit of linen thread, a candle in a brass candlestick, and a huge stick of red sealing wax.

With the ruler, he made lines upon the paper; with the sharp knife, he cut pen points on the stiff goose quills. Then dip-

ping his quill pen in the thick black ink in the ink horn, he wrote his letter carefully and neatly. After the letter was written, he took up the box with the holes in the top and from it he sprinkled sand on his letter, for he had no blotter and the ink was thick. When the ink was dry, he blew or shook off the sand and folded his letter in a flat oblong, addressed it, tied the linen thread around it, lighted his candle, held the stick of red wax in the blaze and sealed his letter with thick wax seals, for there were no envelopes in those days.

This is quite a contrast, is it not, to our handsome boxes of writing paper and gummed envelopes, our fountain pens and our useful blotters?

QUESTIONS

What kind of a pen did George Washington use? In what did he keep his ink? What did he use to dry or blot the ink? Did he use an envelope? How did he seal his letter? What do we use when we write a letter? How do our materials differ from those of George Washington?